



SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE strike of conductors, baggagemen, brakemen and yardmen of the Grand Trunk Railway system must necessarily be a very serious matter to not only the railway and the men concerned, but to the public at large. What affects the traffic of such a system as that of the Grand Trunk must necessarily have very serious consequences upon the prosperity and well-being of Canada as a whole; and it seems a great pity that the differences between the men and the management could not have been adjusted without submitting the case to this court of last appeal—the strike.

Mr. Charles M. Hays, as president of the Grand Trunk system, appears to have done what he could to avert the crisis, and at the same time have an eye to the interests of those whose money makes it possible for this corporation to exist. Conductors, brakemen, baggagemen and yardmen should recollect that Mr. Hays and his assistants have toiled for years to bring this road up to a standard of earning power where some return can be made to those who have their money invested in the enterprise. Up to the present the holders of common stock of the Grand Trunk Railway have never received a cent in dividends. It is true that this concerns Canadians but little, for the stock of the Grand Trunk system is largely held abroad, but at the same time it is a matter which should receive some consideration at the hands of the employees. It seems to me that when Mr. Hays made the offer to standardize the wage system of the Grand Trunk in 1913, at which time it is hoped that the road will be getting the benefit of the completed Pacific system, and in the interval giving the men a substantial increase of wages, averaging 18 per cent., he was endeavoring to do the fair thing.

The striking employees of the Grand Trunk Railway should remember that such corporations are not run altogether for their benefit; and that there are other interests to consider. Should Mr. Hays fail in this he would not be the man for the job.

ASSUREDLY Philip Harold Patriarche is what is colloquially known as a "coo-coo." No dictionary has as yet given an authoritative definition of the word "coo-coo" as applied to the human species; but the bird from whom the name is taken has the reputation of evading the ordinary responsibilities of life and sitting on the top rail of the fence and giving the laugh to ordinary birds. This suggests our friend "Pat." Much has been seen in the press about the offer of Lady Abby of fifty thousand pounds for the promotion of aviation. It was a nebulous announcement, and The Evening News, of London, Eng., interviewed Lady Abby in quest of further details. She at once replied that there was no mystery about the matter. She had offered fifty thousand pounds for the building of airships that would carry about twenty passengers and which would run between London and Paris. It was all in the hands of a committee. The start of the enterprise would be the erection of a factory for the construction of airships on her country estates at Newdigate in Surrey which would be called the Abby Aviation Factory. Then in a burst of frankness Lady Abby said: "Mr. Patriarche, an American gentleman, has the scheme in hand, and is meeting me at Newdigate to discuss it further this afternoon."

Now there cannot possibly be two Patriarches. "Pat" is in London, and the whole proposition seems to show his fine Italian hand. In the historic case of the Tichbourne claimant, an imposter was drilled to represent the real heir, but one does not believe that anyone could be drilled to represent our own Patriarche and imitate his methods. Lady Abby also furnished The Evening News with further data which she said had been previously outlined by Mr. Patriarche at a luncheon in the Savoy Hotel. These details were to the effect that it was to be an all-British scheme from the constitution of the committee to the material supplied; the co-operation of the Aero Club was to be invited; plans were to be submitted to the committee; the first airship was to cost fifteen thousand pounds and to carry twenty passengers; and lastly (what is coming is gloriously Patriarchian) "seats for the first trip to Paris next spring will be put up to auction and the proceeds devoted to charity."

What the Canadian who knows "Mr. Patriarche, an American gentleman," will naturally ask is whether he is to be the "committee" or the "charity" or both. There is woe for "Pat," however, in the last lines of the interview. "Surely I can give money to aviation if I wish," said Lady Abby. "Of course, I have not paid down the money yet—it was only promised yesterday (July 6)—but my offer stands good."

Now, if the only cash spent so far has been for a luncheon at the Savoy hotel, and Lady Abby has not yet paid down the money, it is not going to help "Pat" much. This does not, however, alter our belief that "Pat" is a "coo-coo" who comes up smiling and sits on the top rail twittering the merry ha! ha! to the police authorities and his creditors out in Canada.

THE Natural Resources Security Company of Vancouver, B.C., promoters of the "Fort George Townsite," dislike TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT criticism of their proposition to the extent of issuing a notice that they will take a libel action against this journal. It might be mentioned in passing that P. H. Patriarche, whose gambling "joint" was raided by the Toronto police on April first last has also threatened action.

Months ago TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT called attention to the preposterous claims made by the Natural Resources Security Company, Ltd., regarding their "Fort George" proposition, and up to the present we have seen no reason to alter our opinion. Bamboozling people into purchasing town lots in a town which is as yet mostly on paper, at prices which would compare favorably with what property brings within three miles of the business centre of Toronto, may be justifiable if the facts are set clearly before the public, but this is exactly what the Natural Resources Security Company has failed to do.

In the first place, their literature would lead the reader who was unacquainted with the facts to believe that they would have a railway station on their property. In fact, they have gone so far as to draw one in and so label it

on their promotion map, whereas as a matter of fact the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, the owners of the town site, which, by the way, has not been opened as yet, will quite naturally place the railway station and other structures which they may deem fit to erect on their own property and not upon that owned by the Natural Resources Security Company. This will mean that try as they may the Resources Company cannot sell a lot nearer than a mile and one-half to the centre of what will be the town when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway plot it out and place it on the market.

In the literature of the Resources Company are numerous misstatements pertaining to their town site proposition. Here is one, which appeared in their literature in March last: "The town of Fort George on the proposed line between Edmonton and Vancouver, G.T.P. Ry." This

by St. Paul. In his case it was a tremendous effort to drag in a foolish girl and try to fasten the odium of his guilt in part on her. "Above all things keep away from all forms of strong drink," he continues, which is also excellent counsel approved by King Solomon, but in his case is put forward as an attempt to show that he was not responsible for his actions when he committed the most cowardly crime in Canadian annals. If Archie McLaughlin had been in the habit of giving vent to his emotions by getting drunk, his wife and family would be alive to-day. On the night of the crime he went down town and took a glass of beer apparently for the purpose of establishing an alibi. Drink is responsible for many misfortunes in this world, but it had nothing to do with McLaughlin's crime. In a later statement issued for the benefit of those newspapers which had felt hurt at his

of himself, but he certainly gives color to this view when he parades Hon. William Pugsley as a chief lieutenant, and forces this man on the attention of the people of the West. In the minds of the average man enough evidence has been adduced to hopelessly discredit the Minister of Public Works in the eyes of the whole community. I am willing to admit that the Honorable William is smooth, slick and slithery. He is also thick-skinned, and on the principle that a soft answer turneth away wrath he has weathered many a battle that would have wounded many a man of more sensitive temperament and with a keener sense of public honor. But if Sir Wilfrid Laurier could produce one intelligent man of his own party, not to mention the rest of the citizens of Canada, who could really say from his heart that he regarded "Sweet" William with respect and confidence and thought him an individual to be trusted in public affairs, there might be some excuse for thrusting him forward as an important figure in public life. Liberals or persons of any kind who believe in the integrity of Mr. Pugsley are as rare as were righteous men in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. It cannot be very comfortable for Hon. George P. Graham, who is personally a most ambitious man, jealous for his own future, and selected by certain political wiseacres as Sir Wilfrid's successor in the leadership of the Liberal party to have to appear on the platform with Pugsley. The Honorable William is a good explainer, but explanations do not go down with the community in the face of the embarrassing facts that have been coming out ever since he entered the Laurier Administration.

AFFAIRS such as the Gouldthrite tragedy are but a nine days' wonder for the readers of newspapers, and then other matters of interest take their place. But let not Mr. Hon. Charles Murphy imagine that the records of the affair will be "sealed with seven seals" as a certain newly created knight would say. If the members of the Opposition at Ottawa have any "innards" to them, the matter will be threshed out when Parliament next meets and a public investigation held as to the identity of the men who gave bribes to Gouldthrite and to the other men who have been guilty of dishonesty in the Government Printing Bureau. The mere dismissal of a few officials should not satisfy the people of Canada. The men to get after are the men higher up—the men who have made it their business to put temptation in the way of officials in order that they might obtain fraudulent profits. Mr. Murphy's work has been commendable so far, but he has only touched the fringe of the issue.

IT has several times occurred to me to wonder just how aeroplanes and aviators would be regarded in the dark ages—the days of the Spanish Inquisition, for instance. And I have often pictured to myself the attitude which the wielders of the rack and pincers in that delectable institution would be likely to adopt towards Wilbur Wright or Count de Lesseps. In fancy I have seen them throwing themselves on their knees in paroxysms of terror at the sight of the machine in the air, praying to the Lord to remove this latest curse from them, and promising tons of candles and barrels of oil if this sign of destruction should be removed from the heavens. In the midst of their prayers down comes Wilbur or the Count, looking for gasoline and applause. Thereupon the various Inquisitioners rise up, brush the dust off the knees of their pants, reach for Wilbur or the Count with one hand, and grab for their pincers with the other. And the first thing the astonished aviator knows, he is the centre of interest at an "auto da fe," where he is burned for the advancement of religion and as an example to those who would take unto themselves some of the prerogatives of the holy angels.

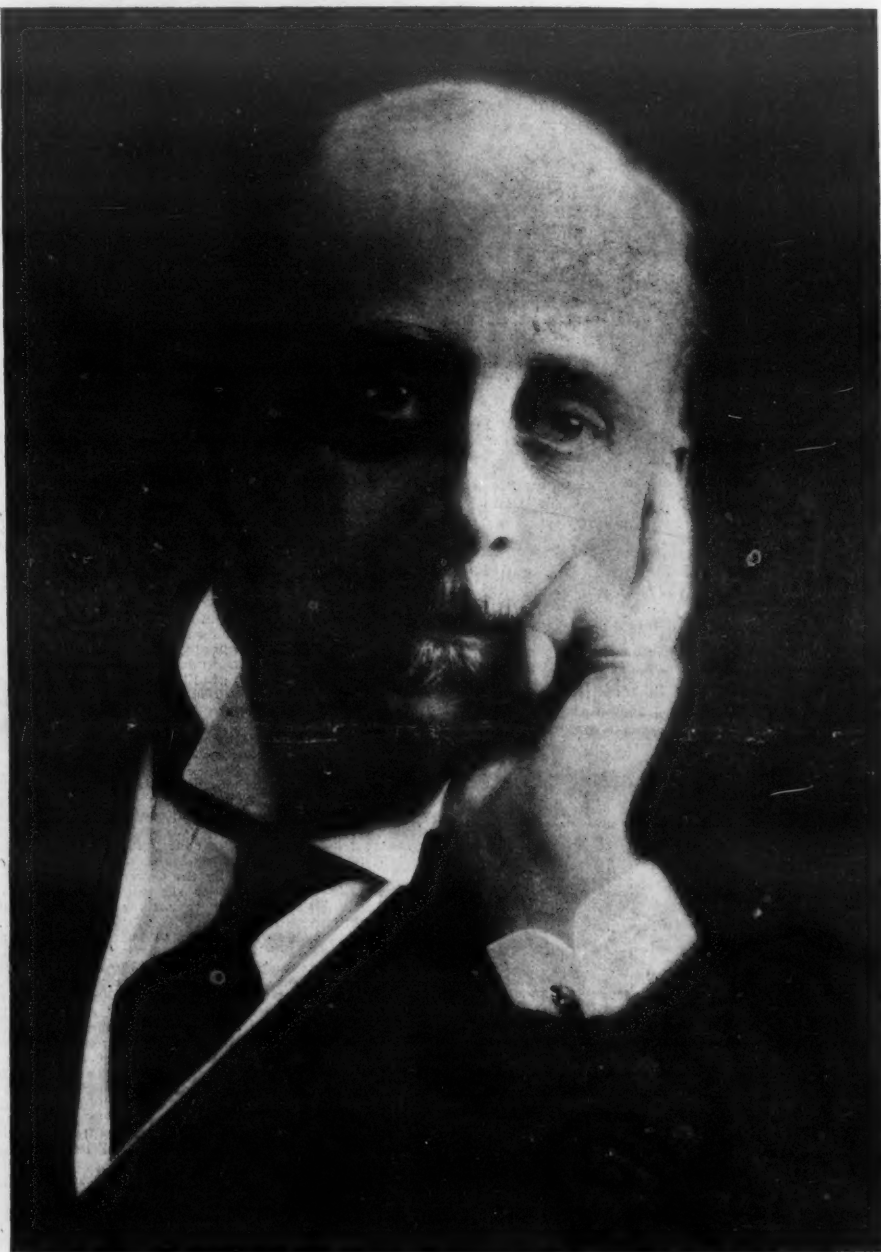
When I was amusing myself by these fancies, however, I hardly expected to find that the same spirit of encouragement for all forms of scientific endeavor persisted in the descendants of the Inquisitioners to even this late day. But an extract from an article in The Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, Ohio, the official organ of Catholicism in that State, leaves one in little doubt of the fate that would await aviators if the editor of this publication and the principles he stands for had their way. The article is entitled "Those Who Exalt Themselves," and it is such a superb instance of beetle-browed fanaticism that I regret my inability to print it at length. The following extract, however, gives an excellent idea of the editor's attitude towards aviation, which is practically the same as that of Torquemada towards a gentleman who did not believe in transubstantiation or the efficiency of the confessional. The editor writes:

"The craze for dirigible balloons and airships should be legally restricted. We do not think that the Creator intended that man should inhabit the air or to fly like the birds, else He would have furnished them with wings. To get wings, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice,' and take the Commandments for your daily chart and guide."

What ho, ye varlets, bring out the boiling oil and the red-hot pincers, and grease the bearings of the rack. Wrench off this monster's finger nails, and brown his hide slowly, for lo, he has invented an airship and has tried to make himself like unto God. And then take what's left of him out into the public square and burn it for the glory and advancement of Holy Mother Church. Amen!

Alas, poor Wilbur!

POLITICAL strife in the Province of Alberta will not down. The latest scandal in that province, though an aftermath of the Great Waterways Railway scandal, will not, however, interfere with the conduct of public business. It will be remembered that in February last Hon. W. H. Cushing, of Calgary, the Commissioner of Public Works, resigned as a protest against a deal entered into by the Government of which he was a member. By this deal a railroad syndicate, headed by an American from Kansas City named Clark was to get rich quick on the Province's cash and credit. Mr. Cushing more than hinted at Attorney General Cross as a culpable party in the deal. A Royal Commission of Enquiry was appointed and has never reported. It is doubtful whether it ever will. It was revealed, however, that \$745,000 in connection with the flotation of the railway bonds had mysteriously found its way into the pockets of persons unknown or unmentioned. Public sentiment finally



MR. EDSON L. PEASE.

Vice-President and General Manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, which institution is absorbing the Union Bank of Halifax.

is interesting, but it fails in one particular. It does not happen to be true. As a matter of fact an official document from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, received by TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT at the time this advertisement was appearing in the Toronto papers, made it known that the railway authorities had come to no conclusion as to whether or not they would build a line from Fort George to Vancouver.

In their "come-on" literature the Resources Company last March made the statement that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway "would establish shops or other works at Fort George." This statement is also interesting as it shows how far these real estate Munchausens will go when allowed rope.

As a matter of fact the Grand Trunk Pacific have not planned to locate shops or any other works on their own townsite of Fort George, not to speak of placing the same on the property of the Natural Resources Company, Ltd.

If ventilating the misstatements of this gang of real estate boomsters constitutes libel, then TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT is prepared to take its dose.

AND so after all Archie McLaughlin was an "uplifter." He murdered his wife by poisoning her, set fire to his house—and let two little boys smother to death. When the hour had come for the hangman to perform the work of destruction, which will be necessary so long as beings such as he are born into this world, he made a statement "for the Toronto Globe exclusively." The last words of the doomed man on the scaffold are supposedly impressive at all times, and in the case of McLaughlin they were elevating to the last degree. Mary Queen of Scots, Charles I., and Louis XVI. met death on the scaffold with fortitude. The venerable Fraser of Lovat, clever Celt as he was, died with a philosophic quotation from Horace on his lips. Not one of these distinguished sufferers, however, indulged in such valuable ethical sentiments as Archie McLaughlin. "Be careful of the company you keep," he says, which is sound counsel approved

public exhibition of favoritism in the journalistic field, he said, "My position to-day arises from two causes, an inordinate love of women and liquor." One's sense of irony is tested to the limit by the use of the sweet, beautiful, and eternally significant phrase "love of women" in the ante-mortem statement of such a hound as McLaughlin. And does it not tend to throw the whole cause of religion and ethical teaching into ridicule to find such a creature urging his fellow-men to "lead strictly moral and upright lives." The scaffold homilies of the murderer were in keeping with the man; the attempt of a hound to pose as a hero of romance. He is justly dead at the hands of the public executioner.

AN idea of the public interest in pugilism is obtainable from glancing over the sworn circulation statements of the Toronto morning newspapers for the present month. The fight between Messrs. Jeffries and Johnson occurred on July 4th. On July 5th the Toronto morning paper which published the best written account of the fight sold upwards of sixty thousand copies. Its normal circulation on days other than Saturday is between forty-two and forty-three thousand. Another morning paper which prides itself on its high moral tone and declining to tolerate the phrase "prize fight," publishes accounts of prize fights under the title "Boxing," increased its normal circulation by three thousand. One has not at hand the figures of the evening papers as to sales of special editions on the evening of the fight, but they must have been enormous. It is hazardous to say that a sport is doomed when the general public, which in the ultimate issue rules all things, takes such an abnormal interest in it.

THERE are those who declare that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the able, tactful and shrewd politician who preside over the destinies of Canada at present has had his head so far turned that he thinks he can accomplish anything. One regards Sir Wilfrid as far too experienced and wise a man to entertain any such opinion

brought pressure on the situation, without awaiting the Commission's report, and the Chief Justice of the Province, Hon. A. L. Sifton, was called upon to form a Government. This he did with both Mr. Cushing, Mr. Cross and Mr. Rutherford, who had nominally been Premier, left out. Now it appears that Mr. Cross is going to see to it that whether or not he ever gets back into public life, Hon. Mr. Cushing, the colleague who belled the cat, will remain in private life also. He has an interest in several newspapers in Alberta, notably the Edmonton Capital. Through these papers he has made a charge, the gist of which is, that he, Mr. Cushing, obtained \$4,900 for the purpose of conducting his election in Calgary in 1909 from an agent of a bridge company which supplied the Province of Alberta with large quantities of bridge materials. Mr. Cross further charges that Mr. Cushing made this arrangement when he was ostensibly visiting the East to participate in the Laymen's Mission Congress at Toronto. Verily the provinces of the West can rival those of the East in providing political scandals hot off the pan—smaller in population and younger though they be. It is as has been said, fortunate that this scandal is not of a nature to hold up the public business. Both accuser and accused are now out of the Albertan Cabinet. Perhaps it will have one good effect, for in the future every member of the new Government must perform walk with the utmost circumspection.

WHILE the State of Nevada may permit prizefights and allow its gambling halls to run wide open, it nevertheless has it on the Province of Ontario when it comes to mining laws. The legislature of that State last year passed a law whereby all stock must be marked either "treasury" or "promotion." An appeal against this provision was made by those who would wild-cat if they could, but the Supreme Court of that State has upheld the Legislature. Hereafter people who purchase mining stocks in Nevada will at least have the satisfaction of knowing whether their money is going into the pockets of the promoters or into the development of the claim. If such a provision had been made by the Legislature of this province previous to the Cobalt boom, many hundreds of thousands and even millions of dollars would have been saved to the community, which money, as it happened, went into the pockets of the wild-cat promoters. No investor in his sober senses is going to plunk his money into a "mine" knowing beforehand that a large proportion, if not all of it, is going to enrich a small coterie of get-rich-quick artists. A red line across the face of all stock bearing the words "promotion" or "treasury" would do wonders in straightening out this class of promotion.

SOME recently published figures regarding the growth of Argentina indicate that this South American Republic is outstripping even Canada as regards increase of population and extent of trade. The most recent figures obtainable indicate that the foreign trade of Argentina (imports and exports) amount to \$700,000,000 for the year, while Canada's total foreign trade (imports and exports) amount to \$650,000,000 for the same period of time. According to the last census, Argentina had 14,000,000 acres devoted to wheat and 6,900,000 acres planted in corn. This more than doubles Canada's acreage. As regards population Argentina again outstrips us, at least in the point of growth, for she has almost doubled her population in fifteen years. Her total population, according to the last census, was 6,200,000, while ours at the last census (1901) was 5,200,000. Since then we have added perhaps three millions to our population, and it is fair to presume that Argentina has done at least as well.

It is now just a hundred years since the Argentine Republic threw off the yoke of Spain, but it is only within the last twenty-five years that the country has risen to the position of a rich and prosperous community. Sometimes we are inclined to imagine that the people of the Latin race are not oversuccessful when it comes to pioneering work in a new land, but the history and the success of the Argentine Republic refutes this supposition.

"The Argentine Republic," says an Italian writer, "is and probably will ever remain the state of a Latin people. In the course of the last half century there have emigrated to its shores 1,750,000 Italians, 670,000 Spaniards, 184,000 French, scarcely any Anglo-Saxons, 38,000 Germans, and 30,000 Swiss. While the Spanish republics of the New World have made people shake their heads and speak doubtfully of them, because of their incessant revolutions, at present the clash of private interests, the union of races and classes has compelled the establishment of order and a settled government in Argentina where a controlling public opinion has grown up in the interests of the general welfare."

THE Transportation Department of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has taken up with the Ottawa authorities the question of extending the parcel post so that a greater weight may be sent from point to point in Canada at a minimum cost. As pointed out in these columns some time ago our parcel post facilities are painfully inadequate as compared with other countries, European, West Indian and Central American.

The opposition to any extension of the system both here and in the United States comes largely from the country store keeper, and so far they have been able to make a successful fight of it. However, a cheap and better parcel post system in this country is inevitable, and the hostility which has arisen against it is on a par with that which all countries have encountered from time to time when it became a question of new and improved machinery, as compared with antiquated methods. When the cotton jenny or mule was first introduced into England, succeeding the old and expensive hand loom method of manufacture, the working population rose in their might against such an innovation. So it was when the shoemaking machines were first introduced, for it put the old handworker out of business; while the consternation among seamstresses when the sewing machine proved a success is a matter of history. However, progress will not be blocked by such methods over any great period of time. The cotton jenny meant cheaper and better clothes, the shoe-stitching machines means good boots at a moderate figure, and the sewing machine dispenses with the seamstress in hundreds of thousands of families on this continent alone. So it is with a cheaper, better parcel post.

When a man through lack of facilities is compelled to trade in smaller, narrower markets, the loss is not individual but national. An expensive parcel post has no more reasons for existence than has an expensive letter post. In our letter post business, however, we have followed along with the most advanced countries in the world. In our parcel post we have stood still.

The argument advanced against a cheaper and better parcel postage system has a familiar sound to it, and the same argument carried to legitimate conclusion would have each city, town and hamlet raise a tariff wall against every other city, town and hamlet, because for sooth a free intercourse in business interfered with the trade of

some individuals. In this special instance it is the country store keeper who is the broken cog in this otherwise somewhat perfect wheel of commerce. He objects to people buying what they want and buying it in the cheapest market. The country store keeper argues, and others interested argue with him, that already the postage service is being operated at a loss, and therefore extending and cheapening this service would mean a still further deficit with the people whom the service is injuring called upon to pay their share of the outlay and the deficit. If this argument is sound then we should cut off our rural delivery, one of the most expensive arms of the postal service, and one which has always shown a far larger outlay in comparison with the income than has the package post. And again, if the premises of the rural store keeper are well taken we should put our letter postage back to the rates in force when Benjamin Franklin, as Deputy Postmaster General of the Northern District of North America, established Canada's first postal service in 1763, at which time it cost 16 cents to send one sheet of paper from Montreal to Quebec, with prices doubling up for each additional sheet.

By such methods we would unquestionably curtail our business, but what matters it, if in the shuffle we help along the country merchant? Under these conditions the Post Office Department would not only be self supporting, but would probably be able to declare a dividend.

The Colonel

Lord Brassey's Mission to Canada.

LORD BRASSEY is an upstanding representative Englishman, and he is one of Canada's best friends in the Old Country. At seventy-four he looks at least ten years younger, and it is with a good deal of the enthusiasm of youth that he is at this moment looking forward to another visit to Canada.

"Yes," said Lord Brassey with a smile, in the course of a conversation with a representative of the "Canadian Gazette," "put me down a friend of Canada by all means—a warm friend. It is five years since I sailed across the Atlantic. Then we took part in the race for the German Emperor's cup from Sandy Hook to the Lizard, and I feel it is time I made another voyage. I must polish up my seamanship, and so I am going to sail the "Sunbeam" for Canada this summer. My route will be a northerly one, and we shall probably touch at the Faroe Islands and Iceland. At Quebec I shall meet some Eng-



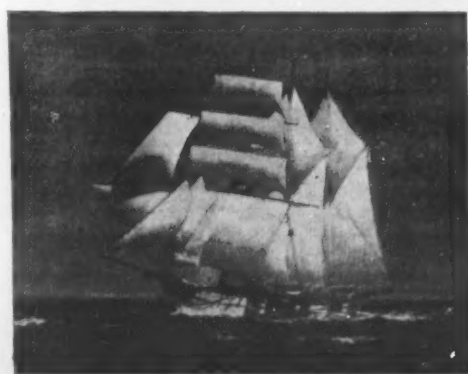
LORD BRASSEY.

The eminent British statesman who comes to Canada on "The Sunbeam" on an Imperial mission.

lish friends who will have gone out by mail steamer, and who will make the rest of the trip with me—among them Mr. Horace Hutchinson, the well-known golf player and writer on the game, and his wife. I hope, after conferring with the Minister of Agriculture, to visit various parts of Canada again, and especially those parts where colonization has been going on. I am interested in the emigration of children and in family colonization. For instance, I shall go to Indian Head, where I bought land thirty years ago, and although I have since parted with the property, I shall like to see how the community there has progressed.

"It's a long, long day since I first went to Canada, and how things have changed! My first visit was made in 1872, and my last in 1903, when I presided over the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire."

Canadians will be more than ordinarily interested in the "Sunbeam" and her master. In it Lord Brassey made the voyage both out and home again when Governor of the State of Victoria. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and holds a master's certificate from the Board of Trade; moreover, his yacht holds the record for the number of miles covered. He is also an expert in naval matters; he founded "Brassey's Naval Annual," and was for many years its editor. Moreover, he strongly advocates a greater reliance of the navy for its reserve on the merchant service. "Yes," said Lord Brassey, "I have from time to time undertaken voyages in my yacht the "Sunbeam," and they have taught me a great deal and have enabled me to take part in matters connected with the sea, not only as regards the navy, but also the mercantile marine. I am much interested in the training of officers for the mercantile marine. We get a certain number of these officers from the training ships "Worcester" and "Conway."



THE SUNBEAM.

The famous yacht in which Lord Brassey has traversed the seven seas.

A number of boys originally intended for the navy fail in their examination, and being keen on leading a sailor's life, join the mercantile service. As an amateur seaman I take the deepest interest in these things."

The yacht, which has been thoroughly overhauled, is to go through the canals to the lakes, and so to Port Arthur. "Shall you find the canals deep enough—the Welland, for instance?" "Oh, yes, the canals are quite deep enough." Here Lord Brassey turned to a box full of books for his voyage, and referring to one which gave particulars of the canals, pointed out that those through which he would go varied from 14 to 18 feet in depth, the Welland being 14 feet. The "Sunbeam" will not stay at Port Arthur while the party travels inland. She will go back to Quebec, where they will rejoin her. "On the homeward journey," added Lord Brassey, "I mean to visit Sydney, Nova Scotia, and see the mines there. And then we shall touch Newfoundland, which I am very anxious to see, especially having regard to recent developments in our 'oldest colony,' and be home again somewhere about the second or third week in September.

"I expect it will be an interesting experience, and I hope to fulfil my purpose in going the voyage—namely, first, to requalify the old sea dog; secondly, to note the progress that has been made in Canada since my last visit and to study the various methods of colonization first-hand; and lastly, to see something of Newfoundland. I shall enjoy the voyage all the more since I shall be able to renew the acquaintance of many people with whom I made friends seven years ago."

The Destruction of Algonquin Park

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

The article which appeared in Saturday Night of July 2nd, entitled "The Destruction of Algonquin Park," is in many respects so misleading, that perhaps you will allow me, an old friend of and traveller in the Park, to express an opinion in defence of the Government and of the Park Superintendent, Mr. George W. Bartlett, both of whom have been, I believe, unjustly criticized in the article referred to.

Having continuously travelled in the Park for the past twelve years, first visiting it before the railway was fully completed, I may be considered somewhat qualified to discuss the question. During these years I have seen many changes; the Park has gradually become known to Canadians and citizens of the United States; people have at last come to realize that the Province possesses in the Park one of the most beautiful and beautiful regions in North America.

That anything should happen to mar the beauty of this wonderful region is, beyond words, deplorable; but do not let your readers imagine that every statement in the article of July 2nd is to be taken literally, especially such expressions as "The Park is being absolutely depleted of its forest growth," and "the giant Laurentians shove their ragged rocks clear of all virgin growth." We may suppose that such expressions are intended for rhetorical effect, but unfortunately the public take very seriously and literally what they read in Saturday Night.

The general impression one gets from reading this article is that both the Hon. Mr. Cochrane and the Superintendent, Mr. Bartlett, are league together in fostering the destruction of the Park. Now let your readers understand a fact, known already to those most interested in the Park, that both these gentlemen are most sincerely enthusiastic in their endeavor to preserve the Park and its animals. No man in the Government better understands the priceless value to coming generations of this timber reserve as an economical asset, than Mr. Cochrane, and no man better understands the value of this Park as a health resort for the people, and I venture to say that with great difficulty could the Government find a more earnest, thorough, or better qualified Superintendent than Mr. Bartlett, who knows every inch of the Park, who is alive to its value and possibilities, who is not only a scientific student of nature, but a thorough woodsman and, withal, a practical, level-headed, courageous man.

But—and here is the important point for the public to observe—both these gentlemen are not unrestrictedly free agents, whose purposes for the Park can be realized without opposition. The Hon. Mr. Cochrane and his Superintendent will see to it that not a tree is felled within the Park limits by any lumber company, when the Ontario Government will render it possible for them to do so by purchasing back for the people these timber limits which were leased to companies before the Park was set aside. There is justice on both sides. The people naturally want the Park preserved, but the lumber companies also have their rights and privileges as commercial ventures. There is but one solution, namely, the repurchase by the Government of these timber limits, for it is unreasonable to suppose that any commercial house will voluntarily cease its operations as a matter of sentiment in deference to the public's wish. Do the people of Ontario sufficiently appreciate the value of the Park, and are they willing to pay for its preservation? If so, let them stand up and hold the Hon. Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Bartlett responsible for preserving the Park unless proper means are given them for the accomplishment of that object.

The question of preserving the highland of Algonquin Park as a means of securing what is left of the forests and as a game preserve and a national park, is of such vital importance to the country at large, that we may expect to see the matter presented in Parliament, that the will of the people may be known; but in the meantime there is good reason to believe that the Government will at least prevent the further cutting of timber in the Township of Canby and Nightingale, and perhaps also in adjacent townships. Undoubtedly the forests, as well as other natural resources inherent in the land, such as mines, oil fields, etc., are by right the property of the whole nation, and they should be guarded and protected by the people's representatives for future generations.

This fact we of North America have been so slow in recognizing that now we have behind us the woeful history of fifty years of criminal waste and unnecessary destruction of natural resources throughout the continent. For instance, clear pine is almost unobtainable to-day in market save at fabulous prices, while all through the forests of Algonquin Park clear pine is being cut on the ground thousands of logs of pine from one to three feet in diameter, cut some twenty-five years ago. Sometimes they were overlooked in the driving process, but more often when the tree was felled a small check of a few feet was found at the base, enough to condemn several logs in the tree when only absolutely clear pine was thought fit for squared timbers of one or two feet measure. The wasteful transgression of our predecessors conveys the warning that, unless we bestir ourselves, every forest throughout the land will disappear as have the buffalo.

The question may be asked, "Has not the cutting proceeded already so far that redemption is unobtainable?" Despite the statement of your correspondent that "the Park is being absolutely depleted of its forest growth," let anyone visit the Park and he will see miles and miles of beautiful dense forests still standing of priceless value to the nation. The cutting of the original first growth pine of majestic grandeur, which disappeared years ago, but forests of spruce, hemlock, birch, cedar and maple of incalculable value. There are some bare spots, such as the shores of Canoe Lake, denuded by the lumber companies, but there is also a large quantity of the original pine around Canoe Lake never yet touched by the axe. The large pine never grew in this section in dense forests, as in Michigan, but in isolated groves and single trees. What we have left of the forests is the original growth minus the large pine, and if these forests can be preserved another generation will see fairly large pine again, for young trees are growing everywhere.

Much has been said and written about the recent authorized trapping of 500 beaver and there exists much misapprehension therefrom. No casual visitor to the Park, travelling over the usual route (which is like a narrow roadway through the midst of surrounding country), is at all qualified to form any opinion as to the increased number of these animals fostered by the system of protection during the past ten years. The 500 which have been trapped are but a small percentage of the annual increase. The average young to a pair are four or six per annum, and there are to-day thousands of beaver scattered all over the Park in more or less accessible places. It will undoubtedly be found necessary with such prolific animals to decimate their numbers every few years as a means of protection to the animal, for the question of their food supply is a serious one where they are allowed to increase, protected against the trapper and the natural enemies. During the past ten years they have destroyed every poplar tree (their favorite food) on the shores of Canoe Lake, and they have been forced to take birch and any small cherry obtainable. Within the past five years I have seen two colonies of beaver which have migrated from their old haunts near Canoe Lake presumably for the lack of food in their vicinity. It must be remembered that in artificially protecting the beaver we are acting contrary to nature's process in restricting the supply.

Do not let your readers imagine that the comparatively few beaver trapped this spring is any approach towards exterminating the animal, for the 500 are really an insignificant number when compared with the thousands still left, and the sale of their pelts is a means of good to the whole in supplying money for the needs of the Park. I do not think that any fair-minded person, acquainted with the facts, can rightly censure the Government for its recent trapping of beaver. Travelling rapidly along the main routes through the Park does not afford one an opportunity of observing the beaver, but, under the guidance

of the proper authorities, by leaving the main routes and visiting the unnamed and silent smaller lakes and streams, one can see these animals to-day in amazing numbers. Little ponds not 500 yards in diameter are made everywhere by the beaver dams, and there you will see, in these wildest regions, colonies of beaver unmolested. I recently struck off to one of these little ponds and discovered not only a floating bog thickly studded with rare orchids, but also not less than six beaver houses three or four feet high, and this little pond is very seldom visited by the casual tourist.

Before passing judgment and indulging in criticism in the public press on the Hon. Mr. Cochrane and on the Park Superintendent, it behooves us all to recognize the difficulties under which the gentlemen are laboring, and to be assured of their active interest in the welfare of the Park, and it also rather becomes us to arouse an equal interest among the people for the preservation of the Park. It would be wiser for us visitors to see, at least as far as concerns ourselves, that we published regulations of the Park are adhered to regarding the number of fish caught; the unlawful use of firearms; the careless lighting of camp fires, and the condition in which we leave our camp sites for those who follow after.

ERNEST VOORHIS,

Canon Precentor of the Cathedral of St. John, New York.

Algonquin Park, July 15, 1910.

Another Bouquet.

Chase, B.C., July 2, 1910.

Editor Saturday Night, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—Kindly allow me to take this opportunity of congratulating you upon the admirable stand you have taken re faking, and, in fact, upon any question requiring a fearless and unflinching position, the Saturday Night is "Johnny on the spot" with both feet planted firmly.

I am sure all your thoughtful readers appreciate your position and will give you their best support in whatever way opportunity offers. Speaking for myself, "I am sure will." Wishing the Saturday Night continued success and fewer libel suits if possible, Yours truly,

S. C. HARDIE.

The Foundation of Tit-Bits.

THERE is a pretty little story about the foundation of *Tit-Bits* by the late Sir George Newnes that cannot be substantiated. It is said that the eating-house where young Newnes got his meals was run by a clever, capable woman, who, as an extra attraction for her patrons, printed a column of anecdotes and jokes on the back of her bill of fare. This was headed "Tit-Bits," and it set Newnes to thinking of what could be done with the same title and the same general idea in a broader way. Many a time as he sat at table and heard the other clerks around him chuckling over the bon-mots on the hostess's menu, he wondered whether he could not put the idea to good advantage.

That, at least, is one of the traditions of Fleet street, one of the stories that reports of London dailies tell in the early morning watches when the run of news is slim, and the talk turns on the small beginnings of great men. According to men who have known Sir George, however, it must be classed as a legend and nothing else. The authenticated version of the *Tit-Bits* story is that Newnes gained the idea one evening when he was reading bits of the day's news from the evening paper to his wife.

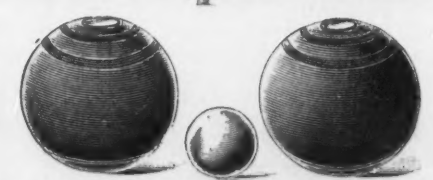
"How do you like these tit-bits?" he asked. And then the idea suddenly flashed upon him. "What a marvellous chance for a penny weekly that would be called *Tit-Bits*, and would print all the best things from the daily papers!"

The thought filled his mind for months, but it was not until 1881 that he was able to start publication, and even then his capital was small—so far as can be learned, made up of his own scanty savings, and a little that he was able to borrow. He had no cause to worry, though, for success crowned *Tit-Bits* from the first. Of course there was a substantial, logical reason for the welcome it received. It was not simply a matter of luck. The truth was that the increasing class of people educated in the British primary schools, since the establishment of the educational system in 1870, was gradually awakening to an intelligent interest in popular literature. Naturally, *Blackwoods* and its compeers were above their heads, but anything of the nature of *Tit-Bits*, that was simply the daily press bottled down to the tightest compression, was just what they wanted.

So *Tit-Bits* went from the start. It has been popular ever since, and to-day has a circulation of 600,000 copies, rather a unique distinction for a penny weekly.

The catacombs at Rome were the burial places of the early Christians. They are about five hundred and eighty miles in extent and are said to have contained 6,000,000 bodies. During the persecutions of the Christians under Nero and other Roman emperors, the catacombs were used for hiding places. Under Diocletian the catacombs were crowded with those for whom there was no safety in the face of day. The art of the catacombs is unique and most interesting. Simple designs are etched in the slabs which seal the tombs. Now, and then, are small chapels where paintings are to be found. All are Bible illustrations, so that the catacombs may be said to be a pictorial Bible in effect.

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THE CONQUEROR OF THE AIR.

Tests at Rheims, France, and recent demonstrations in the aviation meets at Toronto and Montreal show the supremacy of the monoplane flying machine of Louis Bleriot. The machines used by Count De Lesseps are of Bleriot design.

A recent despatch from Paris says: "Successful trials have been made at Bordeaux, in great secrecy, with a remarkable new racing monoplane designed by M. Bleriot. It is an improvement on the fast, short-planned, flat-surfaced model, with a 100 horsepower motor, with which M. Morane flew 56 miles an hour at Rheims. By an extremely ingenious arrangement the wings, which for weight-lifting must be curved, can be flattened out in mid-air and contracted telescope-fashion in three sections to a third of their length, so that the speed of the machine is greatly increased while actually in flight. The experiments at Bordeaux are said to have shown that the new model, fitted with a 50 horsepower motor, gives better speed than the Rheims model with twice as much motive power."

!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE. ?!

General French as a Boy.

GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH has left Canada after an almost end-to-end inspection of her soldiers. But one bet he overlooked, and it was a good bet too. In the route of his march the headquarters staff at Ottawa forgot to mark a stop-over at any of the camps in the Province of Quebec. Montreal officers are somewhat mystified at this apparent neglect and, during the day or two that he remained in the city, before sailing for home, several diplomatic attempts were made to find out from the general himself what reasons were given for not allotting him sufficient time to look over the cavalry at Farnham and the infantry at Three Rivers and Levis.

"That's a conundrum," replied the general laughingly, when the question was put to him point blank. "And, speaking of conundrums," continued he, "I never could get that word straight, much less frame up an answer to one. Cucumbers, cumberers and conundrums all looked alike to me when I was a boy."

"As you probably know I am the only boy in a family of seven, the others, naturally, being girls. At rather an early age I took it upon myself as 'the only man of the family' to conduct family prayers when my father was away. My mother was very pleased at first, but hastily withdrew her consent when she heard my first effort. I said, 'Oh, Lord, cut us not off as cucumbers of the ground.'"

Johnny meant cumberers.

Two Stories Anent D. McNicholl.

M. K. T. C. IRVING, of Bradstreets' agency, Toronto, is a famous collector of anecdotes and personalia. He has lately been in the West and according to the Vancouver Sun has been telling the following stories of Mr. D. McNicholl, vice-president of the C.P.R.:

"Here is the first. A well known general manager of a big Canadian bank tried to collect a bill from the C.P.R. Whether the bill was a just one or not matters little for the purposes of this story. Anyway the general-manager became exasperated with the C.P.R. and

wrote a caustic letter to Mr. McNicholl in which he said if the bill were not paid instantly he would instruct every branch of his bank not to use the C.P.R. passenger trains when available, not to use C.P.R. telegraphs, nor C.P.R. express lines, nor anything else with a C.P.R. label on it.

Mr. McNicholl's reply was brief and to the point. He said if the general-manager carried out his threat he would instruct every employee of the C.P.R. to refuse any bank bills bearing the label of that particular bank. When the general-manager got that letter he concluded he had played the wrong card with Mr. McNicholl. What would happen to any bank whose bills were systematically refused by the C.P.R. can be easily imagined. Anyway the bank never boycotted the C.P.R.

"Mr. McNicholl once had an irascible, though very capable G.P.A. at an important point on the system. Whenever the G.P.A. ran a tilt with the vice-president, which was not infrequent, he would write his resignation to the vice-president. Mr. McNicholl, with true Scotch imperturbability, stowed the resignation away in his desk and in course of time had quite a collection of them.

"By and bye the G.P.A. got cross with some other official and fired in a resignation to that gentleman. It took considerable diplomacy on Mr. McNicholl's part to get the matter into his own hands for adjustment, but he finally succeeded. Then he wrote the G.P.A. and asked him in future to send his resignations direct to the vice-president where they would be properly dealt with. It is said that broke the G.P.A. of the resignation habit. Anyway he is still in the company's service.

Peter Mitchell "the Third Party."

The last of the series of disastrous fires which have pursued the career of the Montreal Herald is responsible for some very interesting reminiscences by Mr. Lutton, the veteran Quebec journalist, who for years has contributed a weekly page of comment to that model among weekly newspapers, the News and Eastern Townships Advocate of St. Johns, Quebec. Particularly interesting are Mr. Lutton's references to Hon. Peter Mitchell, M.P., one of the Herald's famous editors, who used to be described as "The Third Party." Of Mitchell the writer says:

"Upon the scene, then, entered the late 'Sir' Peter Mitchell, on Beaver Hall Hill, where the Herald, phoenix-like, rose from its ashes.

"Now, if ever the true Bohemian walked this planet, he did so in the person of the 'Hon. Peter.'"

"When one thinks of the spaciousness of the man; his charming sense of irresponsibility; his happy indifference to overdue notes; his child-like insistence upon joy as his inheritance; his profound and careless ignorance of the duties of management; his ingenuous delight in the notion that he was moulding public opinion while he was, in reality, playing the dashing role of boulevardier; his



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LEWIS STRANG, THE DAREDEVIL OF THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

He is here seen cranking his newly-imported Bleriot monoplane. The bird-like aeroplanes now hold world's records for height and sustained flight. Mr. Strang is at Long Beach, Long Island, N.Y., making practice flights for the Aviation Meet in the Fall.

slap-dash editorials which warned the wicked Conservatives at Ottawa that "we had our eye on them," after the manner of the "Skibereen Eagle," which warned the Emperor of Russia "that it was watching his conduct," or fulsomely bespattered what the "Hon. Peter" called the "McShane-Mercier administration," then reigning at Quebec (save the mark!)—when one thinks of these aspects and attitudes, he can only regret the passing of so gay, so delightful a figure, for which a more strenuous generation is not inclined to find a place.

"To see 'Sir Peter' sallying forth, say, in the winter, enveloped from head to foot in his seal coat; to note him the cynosure of the general regard at the St. Lawrence Hall, where the local politicians used to congregate; to observe the entire delight of the large creature in life, in the passing moment, in clinking his glass, smoking his cigar, throwing off coruscations of wit in the careless moment, while the paper came out or did not come out—was to observe as charming and inconsequent a creature as ever made for the general optimism and gaiety."

Wo, the Poor Chinaman.

M. R. EWING BUCHAN, manager of the Vancouver branch of the Bank of Hamilton, is the possessor of a fine basso profundo reading voice; also of a Chinese cook who answers to the name of Wo.

Mr. Buchan is in the habit of reading a passage of the Scriptures to his assembled family every day before breakfast.

Now it happened one day that Mr. Buchan chose for the morning's reading a passage from the Lamentations of Jeremiah. His family duly assembled, Mr. Buchan cleared his throat, and in a sonorous voice commenced—"Woe, Woe and lamentation—"

He got no further, for at that point the door communicating with the kitchen burst open and the celestial cook inserted his head. "You wanta me?" he inquired. Tableau.

In reading the Scriptures Mr. Buchan now pitches his voice lower.

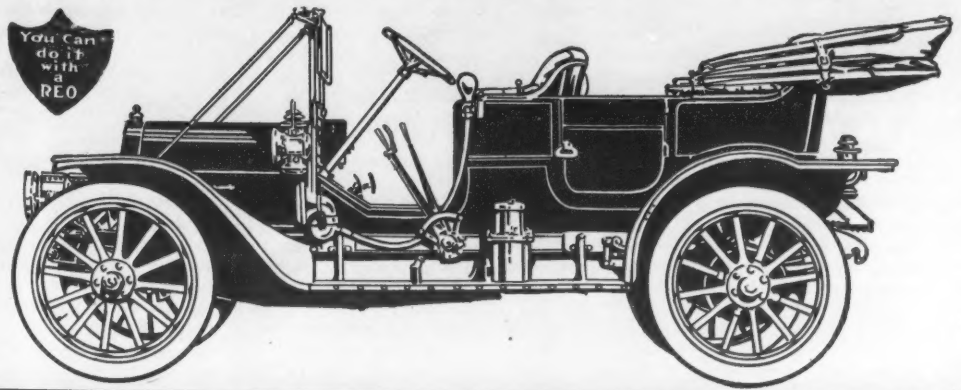
C. M. Hays' Lesson in Diligence.

THE anecdote anent C. M. Hays, president of the G.T.R., which is given below, is going the rounds of the Canadian Press, and is used quite properly as a counsel to diligence in young men.

Charles Melville Hays was in the passenger department of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway at St. Louis when he was not much over 17. One day Mr. Talmage, vice-president and general manager of the Gould roads, entered the room. It was a little before lunch hour, and half the clerks were putting on their coats. Others were looking at their watches and leaving for the wash-room. In the

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What is the use of paying the extra cost for tires, fuel and repairs, that is necessitated by heavy weight?

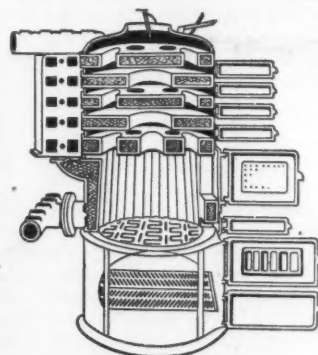
The Reo is the car for the man who wants full motoring enjoyment, and pays attention to dollars.

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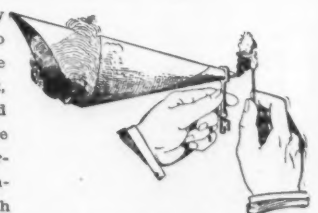


A Fire-Pot That Gives Perfect Combustion

The fire-pot in the Sovereign Hot Water Boiler has corrugated walls, sloping sides, and an accurately proportioned "Combustion Chamber." The open area between the top level of the fire and the top of the fire-pot, or fire-box, in the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler, is termed the Combustion Chamber. It is here that the gases, smoke and fumes rising from the fire are retained within range of the heat and allowed to mix with the oxygen until perfect combustion takes place.

This experiment proves the importance of the Combustion Chamber in saving fuel:

Take a half-sheet of heavy writing paper and twist it into a cornucopia. Tear off the point so as to leave a vent, and pass the small end through a door key. Light the paper at wide end of the cornucopia and hold it downward. Hold the lighted match



In the smoke that will rise through the vent at the small open end. At first this smoke will not ignite, but after the burning cornucopia becomes more aflame it will be found that the escaping smoke will burn freely in a steady jet of flame. The reason the escaping smoke did not at first ignite is because it was not heated to a point high enough to promote perfect combustion. With a low or narrow Combustion Chamber a fire will not burn freely, and there will be a heavy loss of combustible material up the chimney.

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general commotion of breaking up there were a few who were still busy, and among them was young Hays. Talmage approached him and asked the time of day. The young man did not hear, and Talmage put a hand on his desk, repeating the question. Hays looked up, surprised to see the chief at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"Merely asked the time—that was all," said Talmage. Hays glanced about the room until his eye rested on the office clock and said:

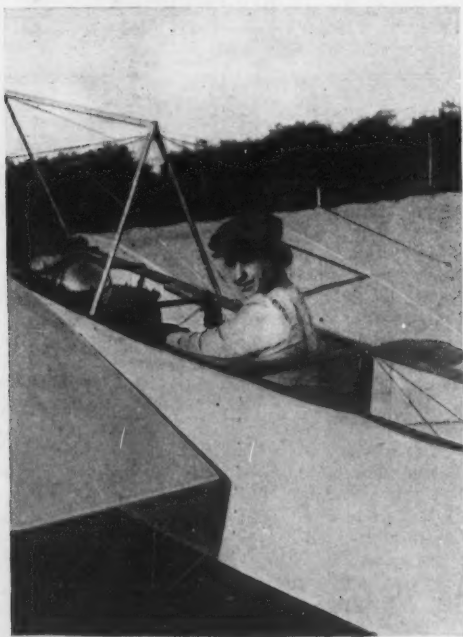
"It's eleven fifty."

"Thank you," said the general manager, strolling out.

It was directly after that conversation that Talmage picked Hays out as his private secretary and confidential clerk. The fact that Hays was thinking more about his work than about breaking away had impressed the general manager in a most favorable way.

We quite agree with those suddenly aroused moralists who are shaking their heads sadly over the folly of the colored people in making so much of the prize-fighter, Johnson, simply because he happens to be of their own race. It is, indeed, too bad to see brute qualities exalted in this way. Yet it does not so clearly follow as these grieving gentlemen imply that we have in all this one proof more of the essential childishness of the black man. If it had been the white prize-fighter who won, there would have been immense jubilation and vast outpourings in his honor, in which some of our dejected censors might easily have joined. That would have meant, of course, not childishness, but only a deserved tribute to noble prowess and a rejoicing in the demonstrated superiority of the superior race.—New York Post.

Some of the fences the politicians are trying to mend this summer are found to be made of live wire.



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A WOMAN AVIATOR.

Among the women who have recently become enthused over the heavier-than-air machines, is Madame Triaca, wife of the well-known aviator, Captain Triaca. The photograph above was taken on the Fourth of July at Mineola, Long Island, and shows the lady seated in an aeroplane of the Bleriot type. Mrs. Harmon, wife of Clifford B. Harmon, inaugurated the fashion of flying among her sex a couple of weeks ago by taking an hour's trip with her husband. Then came Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who was also Mr. Harmon's passenger. It will not be long, perhaps, before woman aviators will be as numerous as are those of the other sex. Madame Triaca uses a Bleriot monoplane.

How Science Aids the Criminal

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]*

VAST as have been the advantages conferred on civilization by the progress of science, there can be no question that it has also strengthened the hand of the criminal, and placed at his disposal weapons of terrible potency.

The modern conspirator can pack sufficient explosives into a moderate sized portmanteau to wreck a mansion, or endow a bomb the size of an orange with the potentiality of wholesale massacre. The man of science applies the high explosives to the shattering of rocks and such-like useful purposes, but he cannot prevent the criminal prostituting these tremendous forces to the vilest ends.

If progress is to go on it is impossible to prevent the abuse of the powers conferred by increasing knowledge. The most elementary acquaintance with chemistry is sufficient to evoke a genie as terrible as that which answered the summons of Aladdin. A couple of acids, in wholesale use in the arts and obtainable at any oilshop, glycerine, sawdust and cotton waste, and we have the materials for the preparation of the terrible explosives, nitroglycerine, gun cotton and dynamite. Add to these carbolic acid and we can, if we have the mind, produce the still more deadly picric acid, the basis of lyddite, melinite and the Japanese shimose.

By the aid of nitric acid, methylated spirit, and a silver coin or a blob of quicksilver, it is a simple matter to manufacture fulminate of silver or mercury, the latter, from the ease with which it explodes on percussion, being almost invariably used as a detonator in connection with the less easily managed dynamite and picric acid. With these terrible weapons in his possession it is possible for an anarchist, or other homicidal madman, to prepare a weapon no larger than a scent bottle that shall plunge a whole nation into mourning.

With text books of chemistry freely available to every reader of average intelligence, the restrictions which our legislators attempt to place on the sale of poisons must evoke a smile of derision from the would-be poisoner who has the merest smattering of science. Apart from the fact that a hundred deadly substances are in constant requisition by the various trades, and are as easily obtainable as the ordinary necessities of life, only the most elementary knowledge is required to convert perfectly innocuous substances into agents of terrible efficacy.

A yellow, crystalline chemical, with a medicinal action similar to that of Epsom salt, if distilled with a common mineral acid is capable of producing what is probably the most deadly of all poisons—hydrocyanic or prussic acid. A little refinement of chemical knowledge makes it an easy matter to obtain the acid in the anhydrous condition, in which state a single drop placed on the tongue is said to cause almost instant death.

Similarly chloroform and other agents capable of criminal misuse may be prepared from easily obtainable materials by the aid of the scientific equipment provided by an elementary course at a polytechnic or an evening continuation school.

Think, too, of the immense assistance photography has been to the forger and fabricator of spurious bank notes! By the process of photo-zincography a printing block can be prepared reproducing in exact facsimile the most elaborate specimens of the engraver's art, and this with the greatest ease, and with only a very small expenditure for apparatus.

Another science that has been pressed into the service of the criminal is electro-metallurgy. After preparing his false wares, the coiner can impart to them a deceptive verisimilitude by gilding or silvering their surfaces. This he accomplishes by the simple expedient of attaching them to one pole of an electric battery and dipping them in solution of gold or silver. By the action of the current a film of the precious metal is deposited over the surface of the base coin, and it immediately assumes the attractive appearance of the genuine article.

A remarkable instance of advantage being taken of this simple process of electro-gilding occurred immediately after the issue of the Jubilee coinage. Unfortunately the half-sovereign and the sixpence had been made so nearly exact in design that only the difference in color between gold and silver served to distinguish between them. Some acute criminal mind instantly detected the chance of a lifetime, and during the first week of the issue of the new coins thousands of sixpences, carefully electro-gilt, were passed as half-sovereigns in London alone. Needless to say the Government immediately stopped the issue of the new sixpence and the design was altered.

The up-to-date burglar, again, has long discarded the jemmy and the centre bit for the more potent tools supplied by the advance of science. He frequently carries

with him nowadays a scientific equipment which nothing but the most perfect defensive appliances can resist. Not only does he employ high explosives, when they can be used with safety, but a small steel bottle of oxygen and a length of rubber tubing frequently forms part of his stock in trade.

By means of this apparatus, and the gas supply on the premises, he rapidly fits together the essentials for producing the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, a source of heat second only to the electric arc for intensity of effect. With the aid of this fiery key the elaborate mechanism of patent locks is treated with contempt, for it will burn a hole through the steel sides of a safe almost as readily as an ordinary candle flame will pierce a sheet of cardboard.

The almost universal use of electric light adds another weapon to the armoury of the scientific burglar. It is only necessary for him to provide himself with a couple of lengths of electric cable, a pair of blue glass goggles, an electric light carbon and an old saucepan lid with a hole in the centre, and he has all the essentials for producing the intense heat of the electric furnace.

Attaching the ends of his cable to the main source of the electric current, he fastens the opposite end of one to the safe and of the other to his piece of carbon. Then, donning the blue glasses to protect his eyes from the intense glare, and holding the saucepan lid before him as a shield, he pierces the steel safe with his carbon electrode as easily as one could pass a red hot poker through a cake of soap.

Another result of scientific discovery, which has been used by the modern "Raffles" for similar purposes is that very curious substance known as thermit. This simply consists of oxide of iron, such as the scales that are left on a blacksmith's anvil, and powdered metallic magnesium. When a heap of this mixture has a little barium superoxide or magnesium powder placed on the top, and is touched off with a match, an extraordinary action takes place, producing a temperature of about 3,000 degrees centigrade. By this means enormous holes have been burned in steel safes, so that the whole of the valuables could be extracted with the greatest of ease.

Two Great Shakespearean Editors

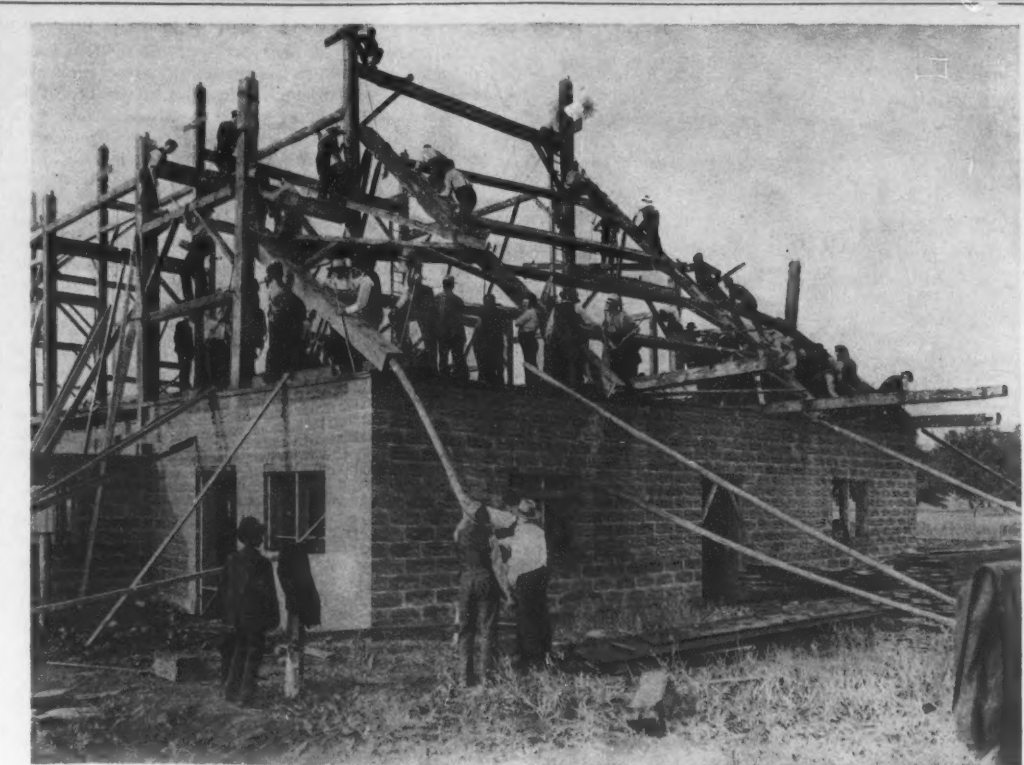
Labors of Dr. W. J. Rolfe and Dr. F. J. Furnivall, both of whom died recently.

TWO of the most famous Shakespearean scholars and editors of all time have passed away recently in the persons of Dr. William J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall of London, Eng. The latter died on July 2nd and Dr. Rolfe a few days later.

Exact scholarship is the last peg in the schoolroom on which the average pupil cares to hang his hat, and a scholar who can make it one of the first, must have had gifts beyond the ordinary, says the Boston Transcript. The audience of the late Professor William J. Rolfe was enormous; but more significant than numbers was the service he did for students almost without their knowledge. He was an editor more concerned with making his comments vital and true than with the parade of his erudition. The youngster in the high school made the discovery, to his intense surprise, that the "notes" he was expected to study with the text of a Shakespearean play were interesting for their own sake. So far from finding them irksome, he would rather read them than not. This scholarship—he did not then know it by that name—pleased him in the high schools; in undergraduate days he learned from it that to be thorough and solid was not necessarily to be dull; and it pleased him again as often as he returned in later years to the convenient little brown volumes with the familiar "Edited by W. J. Rolfe" in gilt lettering on the cover.

Professor Rolfe popularized learning in unlikely quarters, but still more he humanized scholarship. Shakespeare was to him more than intellectual exercise. This scholar, oddly among his brethren, bore constantly in mind that the raw material of his craft was, more than any other raw material in literature, the passions and wills of human beings, and that those who were to profit by his craft were chiefly of an age when nothing so appealed and interested as living men and women. If anyone doubts that the teaching of youth is a fine art, or that it is unworthy of his best effort, let him take up a volume of Rolfe's Shakespeare. In his critical notes he used a style of concise writing and an attitude of appreciation which earns the title of artistry in scholarship, for he has written one-line and two-line comments on certain passages in "King Lear" and "Macbeth" that break over scene and situation as sudden shafts of sunlight spring a whole countryside into feature and color. This is the work of a literary artist quite as much as that of a scholar.

His free omissions from the texts of the plays have



A MODERN BARN-RAISING.

Barn-raising was one of the great events of the pioneer days in Canada, and still retains its importance in the farming community. The above picture shows a barn-raising which occurred during the first week of July on the Elliott farm, Upper Yonge street, at which over one hundred neighbors assisted. The structure, it will be seen, is a thoroughly modern one, with walls of concrete.

been held to lessen the value of his work. It is equally true that for the purposes of his editions certain excisions were highly commendable, and that in his choice of passages to be expurgated he was, like all expurgators, inconsistent. It is much easier, none the less, to find an unexpurgated text, than another commentator as pithy, pointed, illuminating and exact. Professor Rolfe has contributed to the education of thousands to whom he is not even a name. He has added to the pleasure and profit of thousands more to whom his name was the first introduction to a delight in our greatest dramatic poet.

Dr. Frederick J. Furnivall, who died at the age of eighty-six, had been for two generations a frequenter of the reading-room of the British Museum. Perhaps no scholar of the age was so widely acquainted and so generally beloved, says the New York Evening Post. He added to the diligence of the text-critic the enthusiasm of the administrator. Publishing societies sprang up in his wake. The Early English Text Society, the New Shakespeare Society, the Chaucer, Browning, and Shelley Societies represent merely a part of his activities in this field. As general editor for these bodies he associated with himself the best talent of England, America, and the Continent. Toward his fellow-workers he was of unfailing helpfulness. Stationed at the British Museum, he was the eyes for scores of students and their ultimate court of appeal. A sound instinct led him to lay chief stress upon the literal reproduction of manuscripts. The work done under his charge is of permanent value, since it avoids both the dilettantism of the Old English publishing societies and the perverse ingenuity of the German compilers of bedevilled texts miscalled critical. The judgement of the man was as remarkable as his friendliness and diligence.

His personality was indomitably picturesque. In the sober precincts of the British Museum his ruddy face and silver hair and beard, surmounting a scarlet tie, were about the most stimulating spectacle offered to a reader. A life-time spent largely in the close labor of reading proofs and collating manuscripts had not subdued him. Toward his antiquarian researches he kept an always fresh romantic enthusiasm. In the unpublished records and literature of old English he saw a duty to be fulfilled, but what really fascinated him was the glimpse of a life more racy, freer from cant, more variously interesting than our own. The sense that we may learn much from what we regard as the crude conditions of our English ancestors he expressed in a hundred prefaces. It was a faith that he shared with William Morris, a conviction that made him throw himself into Ruskin's movement for a working man's college. Many will regret that he never published at length his opinions on the exemplary value of medieval crafts. A life spent in superintending and often in doing other men's work made such a study impossible. Perhaps it was better, after all, to strike a spark here and there amid the dry material of scholarship.

A part of Dr. Furnivall's youthfulness of spirit was due to his love of the open. There was no more familiar figure on the Thames above Richmond, or, in summer-time, on the Isis. As he sculled vigorously past he was smilingly greeted as Father Thames. Characteristically, he combined his favorite recreation with a philanthropy. For years he directed a rowing club for shop-girls. By way of this club some of his foreign associates have made a perplexed entrance into English society, for it was not Dr. Furnivall's way to vouchsafe unnecessary explanations. When his friends desired to celebrate his seventieth birthday they naturally provided the customary *Festschrift*, but they could think of no more acceptable personal gift to add than a Clasper double scull. Some of them had the good luck to occupy the forward seat, and we warrant it was no easy task to follow the stroke of the octogenarian host. He was an unconventional spirit, with a vivid sense of reality. His very writing had something bristling about it, his zest, or, more rarely, his scorn, frequently broke through the orderly surface of his argument; he was volcanic after the fine Victorian tradition. Yet with the friendliness he so readily showed to all comers, he was essentially a reserved man. His contracts were by preference professional, but surely there was scope enough for delightful if impersonal intimacies in a profession that comprised all English antiquity. For many a visiting scholar the pleasantest thing in London was to stroll out from the Museum and take tea with Dr. Furnivall. Now that he is gone, the pull of the great city will be for scores of his associates sensibly weakened.

By a sort of irony, his least valuable work is that which most fully enlisted his ardor—his Shakespearean investigations. His real monument is the publications of the Chaucer Society. He not merely accomplished almost single-handed the editing of the chief manuscripts, but arranged the reprints with utmost ingenuity to serve the ends of comparison. Of its sort, the work is definitive, and Dr. Furnivall's name will not be forgotten until Chaucer himself fails to attract scholars.

Canada's Next Census

Conditions under which it will be taken a year from now.

THE next census of Canada will be taken under date of June 1st, 1911, and will embrace the subjects of population, mortality, agriculture, manufactures, minerals, fisheries and dairy products.

Population will be recorded under the heads of residence and personal description; citizenship, nationality and religion; profession, occupation and trade or means of living; wage-earnings and insurance; education and language spoken, and infirmities.

Every person living on 1st June will be entered on the schedule of population by name, as member of a family, institution or household, together with place of habitation, sex, relationship to head of the family or household, and whether single, married, widowed, divorced or legally separated. The month of birth, year of birth and age at last birthday will also be recorded.

Entries will be made for each person to show the country or place of birth, year of immigration to Canada if born elsewhere, year of naturalization if formerly an alien, and also racial or tribal origin, nationality and religion. Every person of alien birth who has become a naturalized citizen is a Canadian by nationality; and every British subject with residence in Canada, as well



THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

Right Rev. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, who has been at the head of the Diocese of London, Eng., since 1901, is to spend several weeks in Canada inspecting the Anglican mission establishments.

as every native of Canada who has acquired citizenship by birth or naturalization, is also a Canadian by nationality. But there is no Canadian by racial or tribal origin, unless the Indians are so counted.

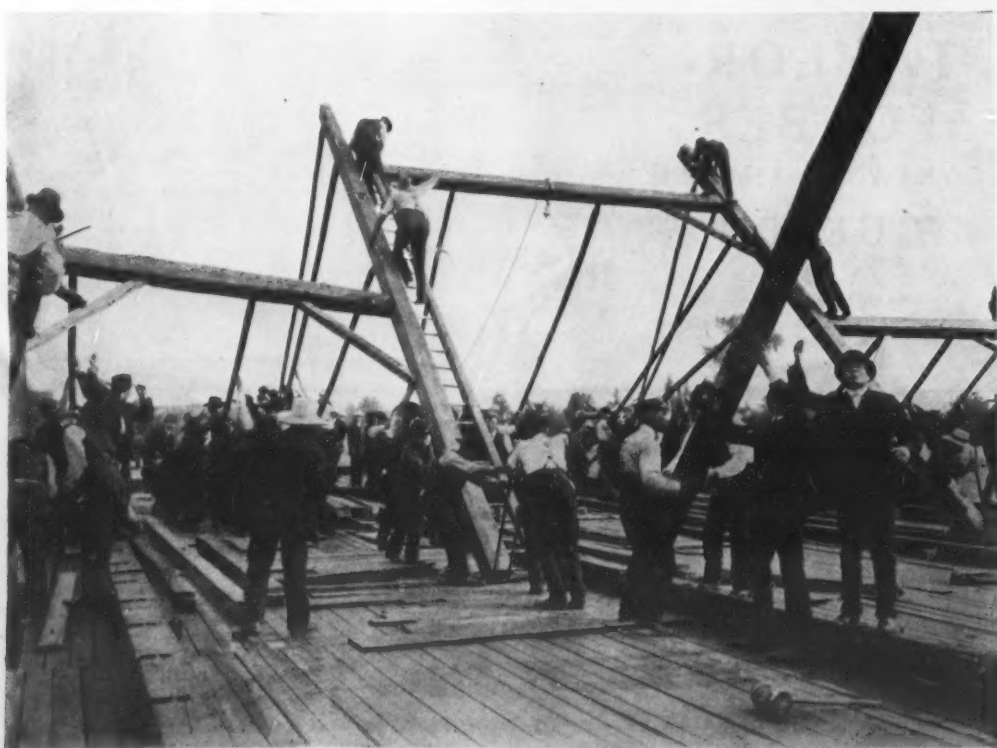
Every person having an occupation or trade will be entered for it, but if employed in the census year at some other occupation for part or whole time, he will be so recorded also. If the person is working on own account, the entry will be so made. An entry is also required to be made showing where the person is employed, as on farm, in woolen mill, at foundry shop, in drug store, etc.

Wage-earners are entered to show the number of weeks employed in 1910 at chief occupation or trade; at other than chief occupation if any; the hours of working time per week at chief occupation, or at other occupation if any; the total earnings in 1910 at chief occupation; the total earnings at other than chief occupation; and the rate per hour when employed by the hour.

Entries are required to be made for each person showing the amount of insurance held at date of the census upon life, as well as against accident or sickness, together with the cost of such insurance in the census year.

Under the heading of education and language records will be taken for every person of five years of age and over showing the number of months at school in 1910, and if the person can read and write, and the language commonly spoken by each person. The cost of education in 1910 for persons over 16 years of age at college, convent or university is also called for.

The last question on the schedule of population relates to infirmities. It calls for a record of each person having an infirmity. If blind, deaf and dumb, crazy or lunatic, idiotic or silly, a record thereof will be made in the proper column, and the age at which the infirmity appeared is required to be specified.



A MODERN BARN-RAISING.

Over one hundred neighbors of Mr. Elliott, the owner of this barn on Upper Yonge street, are engaged in the critical task of setting the cross-beams.

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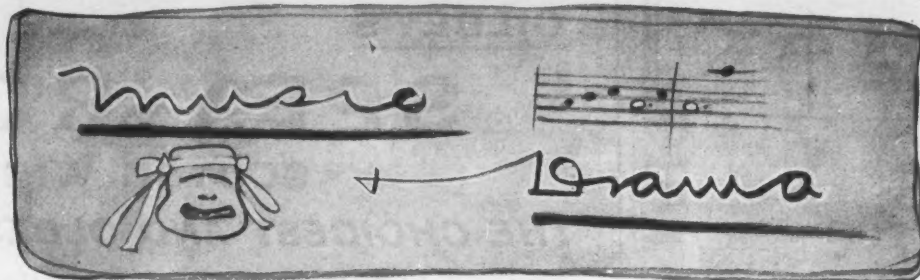
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William Crimans, the well-known character actor, with the Percy
 Haswell Players at the Royal Alexandra Theatre.

FEW pieces of celebrity wear so
 well as "A Night Off," pro-
 duced at the Royal Alexandra this
 week. It was, perhaps, the best of
 the series of farces adapted by the
 late Augustine Daly for his famous
 company of comedians. In fact, as
 clean, breezy entertainment in which
 the time-honored hilarious effects are
 combined with an atmosphere of re-
 finement, "A Night Off" would be
 difficult to surpass. It is a play built
 on the solid lines which character-
 ize the best German farce but in
 adapting it to the American stage,
 Mr. Daly chose a locale that was
 designed to augment the charm and in-
 terest of the piece. Mr. George Ade
 has since exploited more intimately
 the humors of the small university
 town of the United States, and the
 student life of Campton, where this
 play is laid is barely alluded to; but
 there is an element of probability in
 the character of the old professor of
 ancient history whose vanity leads
 him into permitting a company of
 barn-stormers to produce his youthful
 tragedy, that makes the fun all the
 richer. Though this role of Prof.
 Justinian Babbitt was designed by
 Daly to fit the personality of the ce-
 lebrated comedian, James Lewis, who
 had a dry inimitable style, it is in a
 sense overshadowed by the part of
 the barn-stormer, Junius Brutus
 Snap. In this character Augustine
 Daly was writing on a subject of
 which he knew much and Snap is al-
 most as rich a satire on the barn-
 stormer of the middle years of the
 last century in the United States as
 was the immortal Vincent Crummies
 on a certain earlier phase of British
 historic conditions. The creation
 no doubt owes much in the way of
 suggestion to Dickens, but the dia-
 logue and the incidents connected with
 this part show a wide knowledge of
 the lore of the under-strata of the
 theatrical profession. The theatrical
 syndicate has, by a revolution in
 "show" business conditions, practical-
 ly wiped out of existence the type
 satirized in the role of Junius Brutus
 Snap, yet he once existed and in a
 sense the character is an historical
 document. On the whole, the pro-
 duction shows how much better a
 play is when it is written for a whole
 company rather than for a star. In
 "A Night Off" nearly everybody gets
 a chance and a good chance. Miss
 Percy Haswell plays the role of the
 impish Nisbe, originally created by
 Miss Ada Rehan, with a roguish
 charm and command of the sources
 of laughter wholly delightful. Mr.
 William Crimans' performance of the
 barn-stormer is a genuine creation.
 The last actor whom the writer saw
 in the role was Henry E. Dixey, and
 though Mr. Crimans lacks the essen-
 tial mirthfulness of Dixey, he brings
 to his mock serious conception, per-
 sonal distinction and a refinement of
 treatment that make it at all times
 effective. His rendering of the fa-
 mous barn-storming speech was espe-
 cially admirable. Mr. Robert Smiley
 has a personality of a broad open-
 sive kind and gets all the fun out of

the situations of the professor. Miss
 Rachel Crown, as the stage struck
 maid, is excellent, as are also Miss
 Angela Ogden, in Mrs. Gilbert's old
 role. Mr. Allan Fawcett, as the ec-
 centric Englishman; Mr. Emory and
 Miss Hilton, as the quarrelsome
 young married couple, and Mr. Gor-
 don as Nisbe's lover.

"SCHOOL," a four act comedy,
 by Tom Robertson, author of
 "David Garrick" and "Caste," will be
 presented at the Royal Alexandra
 theatre next week. "School" may be
 best described as a comedy of man-
 ners, and treats of the courtly period
 of one half a century ago. The Per-
 cy Haswell Players, in presenting this
 play will have a splendid opportunity
 of adding to their reputation as far-
 ceurs.

The first act shows a forest glade
 where the seminary girls are attend-
 ing a picnic. Two young men appear
 on the scene, Lord Beaufof (Mr.
 Crimans), and Jack Poyntz (Mr.
 Gordon). The young men have been
 hunting in the forest and have lost
 their way, which accounts for their
 presence at the picnic. The sudden
 appearance of these young men
 causes consternation among the girls
 who had hoped to enjoy their picnic
 unmolested. Jack at once falls in
 love with Naomi (Miss Haswell),
 while Lord Beaufof makes ardent
 love to Bella (Miss Crown), an or-
 phan girl. The love scenes between
 these two young folks are extremely
 funny. But in the height of their
 love making, Lord Beaufof's uncle,
 Beau Farintosh (Mr. Emory), puts in
 an appearance and tells his nephew
 that he wishes to arrange a marriage
 between him and a wealthy heiress
 at the neighboring school. Beau Far-
 intosh is an exquisite dandy of the
 old school, who makes himself ridi-
 culous by attempting to keep up a
 youthful appearance by the aid of
 cosmetic and dyes. The second act
 develops further complications in
 which fun is mingled with pathos.

Lord Beaufof, in the last act, turns
 up at the school and asks permission
 to present his wife, who turns out to
 be Bella, who instead of being a poor
 orphan, is an heiress and the niece of
 Beau Farintosh. Jack, of course,
 marries Naomi and everything ends
 happily as in the story of Cinderella,
 which is nearly a counterpart of this
 charming comedy.

Mr. H. Quintus Brooks has issued
 his annual Theatrical Guide of Can-
 ada. It contains important and nec-
 essary data for the theatrical man-
 ager concerning every playhouse in
 Canada worthy of the name.

A MOST beautifully printed and
 interesting musical brochure,
 entitled "Ye old Gasparo da Salo
 String Bass of Signor Domenico
 Dragonetti, has just been published.
 It is not generally known that this in-
 strument which was played by prob-
 ably the greatest contra-bass or
 double bass performer of all time is

now in Toronto. It is part of the
 collection of violins and other string-
 ed instruments owned by the firm of
 R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Limit-
 ed, of this city. The brochure, which
 has been prepared by Mr. W. F.
 Tasker, the well-known musical writ-
 er, gives an account of Dragonetti
 which is informing and interesting.
 This unique performer was a Vene-
 tian, born in 1763 and first played the
 double bass in the choir of St. Mark's.
 By the time he was thirty he was
 famous as a soloist throughout
 Europe and the latter part of his life
 was largely spent in England, where
 he died at Leicester in 1846. A year
 earlier, when eighty-two years of age
 he headed the thirteen double basses
 which took part in the Beethoven
 festival at Bonn. The instrument
 which he played and which is the
 subject of the brochure, though un-
 dated like all Gasparo da Salo's viols,
 was nearly two hundred years older
 than Dragonetti when he purchased
 it in Vienna. The violin maker died
 in 1609. Dragonetti possessed sever-
 al of his instruments but this particu-
 lar one is supposed to have been his
 favorite. It is much larger than the
 average bass viol, a fact that gives
 one some idea of the technique of the
 virtuoso.

THE Oversea Dominions are con-
 tributing slowly but surely to
 the front ranks of executive music,
 says The Standard of Empire. The
 latest recruit is Miss Jean Nesbitt,
 who gave a pianoforte recital at
 Bechstein Hall this week. The
 young musician hails from Toronto,
 and has had the inestimable advan-
 tage of Letschetsky's tutorage. If
 Miss Nesbitt takes a place eventually
 among the first of his pupils she will
 find herself in notable company.
 Paderewski claims nothing, it is true,
 at the Vienna master's hands but
 friendship, but there are others—
 Hambourg, Katherine Goodson,
 Frank Merrick, Ethel Leginska, to
 mention only names that come first
 to mind. There is every sign, it may
 be stated at the outset, that the new-
 comer may one day be numbered
 among these. At present Miss Nes-
 bitt is fresh from the school, and re-
 lies more upon her teaching than her
 talents. But it is a fault on the right
 side. The firmer the technical basis
 the stronger the individuality after-
 wards. Miss Nesbitt is well furnished
 with intellectual and executive powers
 and a self-control not usual in young
 players of a natural facility such as
 hers. This was particularly notice-
 able in her opening item, Bach's Ital-
 ian Concerto, where her artistic phras-
 ing and keen sense of rhythm roused
 immediate interest and attention.
 Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata gave
 further proof of the young lady's
 many qualifications, not the least of
 which is a poetical outlook as ex-
 pressed in the Adagio, and technical
 resource as shown in the last move-
 ment.

THE future of music in America
 discussed by Ferruccio Busoni
 in the Italian Periodical Segnale, in
 which he pays a tribute to America's
 love of music and the demand for
 more.

Even in the most remote parts of
 the country, he says, orchestral so-
 cieties are springing up. These are
 in a community the most effective
 means of creating a taste for music
 and should be established like librar-
 ies and museums.

In many places in America are
 found excellent musicians. The many
 schools of music are crowded; a re-
 striction of the number of students
 and corresponding relief for the
 overworked tutors would be desir-
 able.

Musical societies such as the Bos-
 ton Symphony, the Theodore Thom-
 as Orchestra and the Kneisel Quar-
 tet are first rate organizations, but
 America will only be able to take
 her place in the ranks of the musical
 nations when there is an American
 school of music as there is an Ital-
 ian, a German or a French school.

"Schools of art grow out of the
 soil; out of idealism and out of true
 religious feeling," he goes on. "Not
 the religious feeling that finds ex-
 pression in mere ritualistic observan-
 ces, but religious feeling which raises
 the hands and eyes toward higher
 things. But the soil comes first.
 From it arises the musical character
 of a nation and moulds itself in mel-
 odies of its own and adapted to its
 own peculiar circumstances.
 "The root idea is the Volkslied,

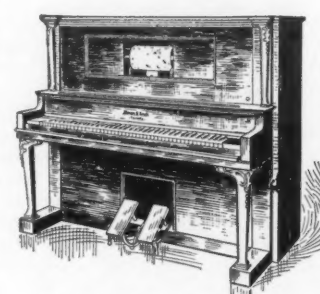


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 pact and simple. The
 action is so adjusted as
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 effect of the human fin-
 gers pressing the keys.
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 stiffness here — while
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 dent, Yonge and Gerrard Sts.,
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which in northern countries sings of
 the blazing hearth and of good cheer
 and in southern latitudes of tepid,
 starlit nights. The highest ideals of
 American are liberty and unity. But
 where is the great epic of liberty
 which fires all bosoms? Where is
 the great chain of folk songs which
 interpret the country's history?
 "Negro and Indian songs do not
 speak of the great American nation.
 The United States they know not.
 The soil is not yet ripe. Travelling
 across the boundless prairie I have
 seen how much remains to be done.
 "But the seed will germinate and
 there will arise the great American
 song of liberty and unity and of the
 true new American ideal. It will
 mark the birth of American musical
 art."

"I see you only have one chair in
 the kitchen, Mary. I must get an-
 other one for you."
 "You needn't mind, ma'am. I have
 none but gentlemen callers."

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WEEK OF JULY 25
THE PERCY HASWELL PLAYERS
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SCHOOL
 TOM ROBERTSON'S
 COMEDY OF MANNERS
 MISS HASWELL
 AS
 "NAOMI TIGHE"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Nathan Burke." A tale of Ohio in the days of the Mexican War. By Mary S. Watts, author of "The Tenant." Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada. Price, \$1.25.

Why in the world do people write novels nowadays which run to 628 pages? Life just now is altogether too short and swift for the performance of the things we ought to do—let alone the vain endeavor to keep abreast of the flood of current fiction. Why, then, do novelists drag the lives and doings of their heroes and heroines out to such unconscionable length? "It Never Can Happen Again," writes William De Morgan. But it goes on happening with the same steady persistency. Only a few months ago there was "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White. It took that rich man in question over six hundred pages to get converted, which is altogether too long an interval for even a multimillionaire. And now here comes "Nathan Burke," a good man and true; but even good men and true have no right to drag their story out to such length as he does. Why, then, do they do it?

And now, having duly registered the reviewer's kick at being obliged to go through 628 pages before I left Nathan with the lady of his heart clasped tight in his arms, let me hasten to say that this is an unusually attractive and satisfying book. In fact, it is quite likely that the author has used her rather dawdling methods as a literary device, so as to build up slowly a strong cumulative effect. And she certainly succeeds in giving a wonderful fullness and vitality to her narrative of those distant days when the great Middle West was slowly taking shape. Very slowly she paints her picture, but her canvas is a large one and she fills it with rich and varied life. Even those passages which seem as though they might have been cut out with good effect, contribute their share to the fullness and strength of the general impression. And the result is a thoroughly satisfying book, one which it is a pleasure to read and look back on. It contains few thrills, few artfully worked up situations. But it spreads before the reader a wide panorama of life. In its own way and in its lesser degree, it produces somewhat the same effect as a novel by Thackeray or Dickens—the effect of a superb flood of material displayed with careless generosity, and not carefully arranged after the manner of the French school so that



GEORGE SAND.

This portrait of the famous French novelist is used as frontispiece to Rene Doumic's recent biography of her.

who became his wife. The story never becomes melodramatic or artificial, and never ceases to hold the reader's interest and attention. The old man's reminiscences flow on with a steady and easy movement, in which the reader is carried insensibly on to the end of the book.

There can be little doubt that this novel would have benefited by a certain amount of pruning and condensation. The style, too, is at times somewhat slovenly, though always clear and easy. But if there is any excuse in these hurried latter years for writing a novel of 628 pages, certainly such a book as this, rich in material and coloring, kindly and elevating in tone, would furnish all that even the capricious reviewer could require. It is a notable piece of work, which no reader of current fiction should overlook.

"The Calendered Isles." A romance of Casco Bay. By Harrison Jewel Holt. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.

THIS volume has every appearance of being a first novel, and as such shows a certain amount of promise, in spite of the amateurish choice of theme and manner of development. The hero is a newspaper man, and the heroine is married to an impossibly brutal husband. But he is conveniently killed, and it all comes out with a Christmas grin at the end. There is nothing to distinguish the book, which is merely one of the hundreds of thousands which litter the "silly season," as this time of year has very aptly been called. But it is better to read such books than rock the boat.

"Methodism in Canada," being the second volume of a history of that Church in the Dominion. By J. E. Sanderson, M.A. Published by William Briggs.

THIS compilation of facts relating to the history and development of Methodism in Canada, will probably be of the greatest interest and value to those who are concerned in any way with that Church. But it also offers much to attract the general reader, in view of the light it throws on many of the problems of early Canadian development, in which Methodists played a very conspicuous and useful part. The author is to be congratulated on the thoroughness with which he has collected his facts, the skill and clearness with which he has grouped them, and the breadth of view with which he considers the subjects discussed. The publisher also deserves credit for the attractive appearance of the volume, which is excellently printed and very fully illustrated.

"In Amber-Lands." A volume of poems. By Tom McInnes. Published by the Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

These verses, which deal principally with the Klondyke and a particularly torrid brand of love, have at times a certain picturesque vigor. But of true poetic quality they have little or nothing. They represent the swaggering in rhyme of a literary swashbuckle.

"Dreams—Scientific and Practical Interpretations." By G. H. Miller. Published by T. Werner Laurie, London.

AS befits a book of its mystic character, this remarkable volume is bound in sombre black. It deals with the interpretations of dreams, and no less than three thou-

sand subjects are explained and their meanings set forth in full. They are arranged alphabetically, and run from "abandon" to "zoological gardens." The two following explanations may be taken as samples:

"Apes—To see a small ape clinging to a tree warns the dreamer to beware.

"Wadding—Wadding if seen in a dream, brings consolation to the sorrowing, and indifference to unfriendly criticism."

And there are over six hundred pages of this sort of poppycock.

"The Maoris of New Zealand." By Rev. D. V. Lucas, D.D., author of "Railway Sermons," "All About Canada," etc. Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

A sketchy but interesting account of a race which has risen in a century from cannibalism to civilization. Only a few generations ago they offered a determined resistance to the British with clubs and bows and spears. Now they send Members to the New Zealand Parliament.

"Biography for Beginners." A collection of cartoons and jingles, containing 40 diagrams, by G. K. Chesterton. Edited by Clertlow, B.A. Published by T. Werner Laurie.

The range of subjects is from King Edward, the Confessor, to George Bernard Shaw. The jingles are almost without exception painfully silly; but the cartoons have a great share of the verve and brilliancy that distinguish Mr. Chesterton's work in other lines.

"A Plain American in England." A brief account of social experiences. By Charles T. Whitefield. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.

Mr. Whitefield is the common or garden variety of "plain American," and his smart Yankeeisms on this ancient subject have been hashed and rehashed by funny-column humorists for half a century and more.

Tom Folio

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Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

MEDLAND—At Toronto, on July 17th, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. John Medland, a son.

MARRIAGES.

DODSON—ANDERTON—At Toronto, on July 18th, 1910, George H. Dodson of Toronto to Kathleen I. Anderton of Barrie.

DEATHS.

HOFFMAN—Suddenly, on the way home from Sault Ste. Marie, on Tuesday morning, July 12th, 1910, Charles Everett Hoffman, of Berlin, aged 48 years and one month.



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every particle may produce its utmost effect. And when all is said and done it is not the restrained and skeletonized novels that are among the greatest of their kind, but the big formless books, through which existence surges with the same superb abundance and inconsequence that it displays in the actual world.

"Nathan Burke" is the story of a country boy who goes into Cincinnati, Ohio, in 183— (the author is no more definite), to become a chore-boy. He is a strong, clean, ready youth of the cool and self-reliant kind bred by pioneer hardships and emergencies, and he slowly develops into a resolute and noble man. The story, which is told by himself in his old age, traces the process of this development, and tells of the men and women who assisted in it. It describes in leisurely fashion how he became clerk in a store, a student of law, a soldier in the Mexican War, a successful lawyer; and how after certain disappointments and pain he came to understand and value the love of the sweet and good woman

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MONTREAL

21

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come back. Water doesn't satisfy
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Arrow think
of Coca-Cola



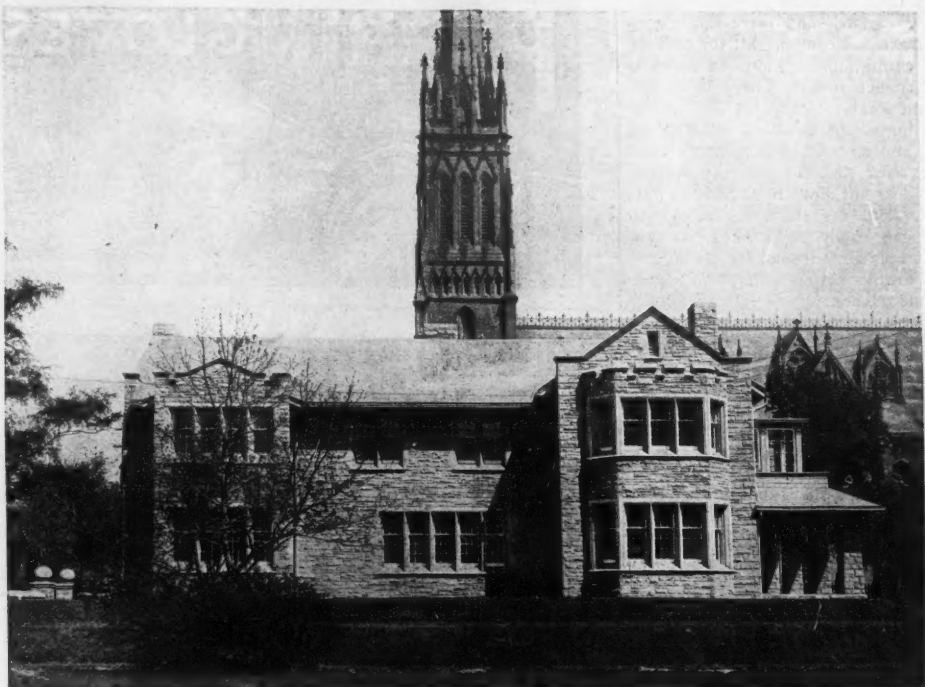
CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

Famine in Building Materials.

A FAMINE in building materials has been experienced at Winnipeg, where the scarcity of structural products is far more pronounced than at any other time within the past six years. Common brick has gone up four dollars a thousand, timber and dimension lumber is quoted at two dollars higher, and shingles are also away up in price. Good common brick at any price is almost absent from the market. The total supply manufactured by local yards has been exhausted, and it is only from outside sources that brick may be obtained. Freight rates

ther. It is now no uncommon occurrence to find a country home equipped with bathrooms, hot and cold water running water and lighting gas piped into every room in the house.

For lighting the home several plans have been devised, and among them is a combination gas machine, which gives the home what is really a gas plant on the premises. The invention can be set up in a corner of the basement or cellar, and requires little or no attention at all, once it is properly installed. It supplies a gas that is perfect in its illuminating qualities, to the different



PARSONAGE OF METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

South wall, showing St. Michael's Cathedral in the background. This residence was designed in the Elizabethan style to harmonize with the two Gothic churches, between which it stands. Sproatt & Rolph, Architects.

and added handling expenses are responsible for the increase from \$11 to \$15 a thousand in cost. In season, common brick sells for ten dollars a thousand, but during the spring months the regular price is \$11. The brick imported from several western points is of an inferior quality, and not suitable for heavy structures. A number of contractors are now holding up work on apartment blocks to secure satisfactory materials and prices. All tenders submitted for work are now based on the high cost of material, with a rider that if the architect will wait until after the first of the month the work will be done much cheaper.

The advance in the cost of lumber is said to be due to the difficulty in getting shipments from the Coast where a goodly percentage of materials used in Winnipeg is hewn and dressed. Lumber prices on the Coast are also going up in the same proportion that they have advanced here. Cement is seventy-five cents per barrel higher than last year. Even this necessity is not over-plentiful, and by the time deliveries are made for all the orders in hand, there may be a shortage in it, also. Contractors are estimating a holdup of three weeks on big jobs as a result of the increase in the prices of materials.

Lighting the Country Home.

"TEN years ago," says "Beautiful Homes," "it was customary for the man who was showing his country home to his friend from the city, to say, apologetically, 'Of course we haven't the conveniences here that you have in the city, but you can't expect to have everything you want when you live so far away from the city.' In recent years, however, modern progress and invention have given more serious attention to the home in the small town, and there is a growing disposition on the part of the man who dwells far from the madding crowd, to insist on just as much comfort as his city bro-

rooms of the house, and, like city gas, it can be used for both heating and lighting. Ordinary burners, open or fitted with the usual gauze mantel, are used for lighting, and the light produced is clear, white and brilliant.

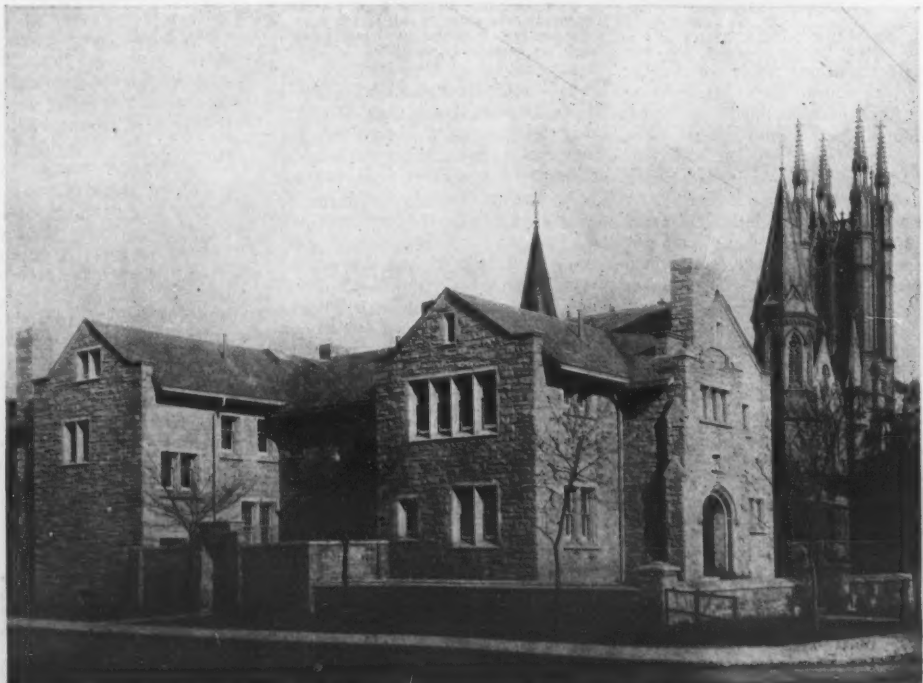
The fuel used is gasoline, stored in a combination fuel tank, buried in the ground outside the house. In most cases it requires to be filled with fuel about once every six months, and requires no further attention. The principal parts of the machine are a pump which works with a weight, and is wound up in a few minutes every few days, and an automatic mixing regulator, which needs no attention whatever.

Experience has demonstrated that gas can be produced by this method at a cost not to exceed \$1 per thousand feet. This makes the cost of light at an 80 c.p. burner about one-fourth of a cent per hour. This is certainly very cheap, much cheaper than the average city dweller can purchase his light.

The Wall-Paper Man.

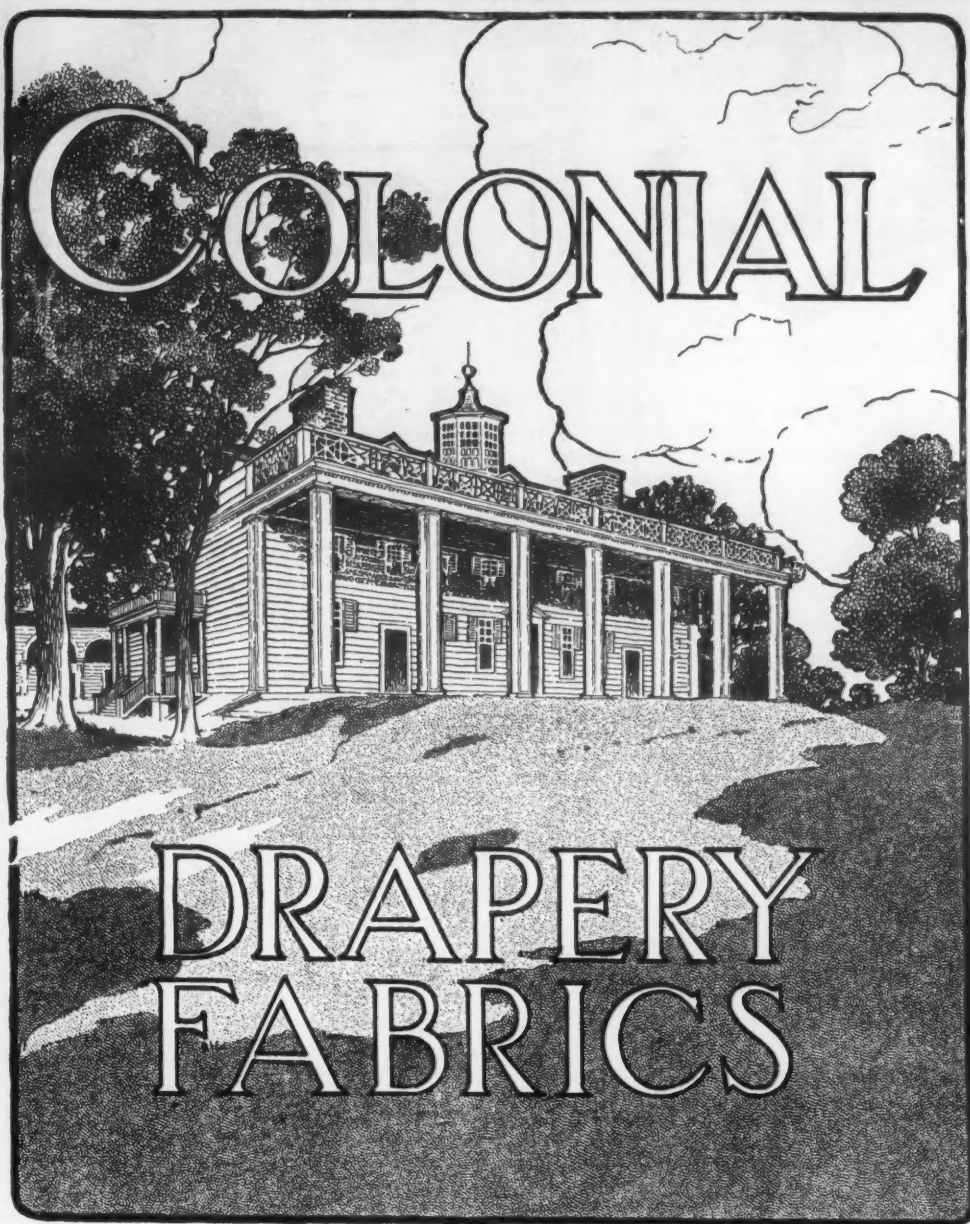
OH, I'd sing you a song of the wall-paper man,
Who's with us once again,
Who comes with the flies and who everywhere hies
With his ladders and buckets ten;
I'd sing of the ease with which bric-a-brac breaks
At the soft gentle touch of his hand,
I'd sing of the joy which it seems that he takes
In upsetting a jardiniere stand;
I'd sing how he figures the cost of a job
To a dot (except extras worth ten),
Of his tracks in the hall and paste buckets that fall,
And the way the new rug appears then;
Oh, I'd sing of the wonderful litter he leaves
And the household he puts in a fuss—
Yes, I'd sing of him now if I didn't, somehow,
Have to pass up all singing to cuss.

—Kansas City Times.



PARSONAGE OF METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

View from northwest corner of Bond and Shuter streets, showing the Metropolitan Church in the background. Sproatt & Rolph, Architects.



TWO MONTHS of Summer still remain to be spent in the fields, the woods, and by the waterside, with few housekeeping cares, but the approach of Autumn is heralded by the ripening grain. And with its advent will come the train of home thoughts, bearing their all-absorbing ideas and notions for re-decorating and re-furnishing. All needs for the various rooms—be they what they may—bear a relation to each other.

In respect to the draperies alone, a fabric that is in keeping with the general motive, practical and useful, should be the one considered.

COLONIAL Drapery Fabrics

are especially adaptable to all the requirements, since their texture and wide choice of coloring harmonizes with wall papers and tints, adding much to the beauty and cheerfulness of the rooms.

Alizarine colors are so printed as to withstand strong sunlight and frequent washings.

Window and door curtains, bedspreads, dresser covers, window seats, loose chair coverings, and coverings of shirt waist or utility boxes can all be in one fabric, design, and coloring.

For textures and patterns which are distinctly different—better quality—remarkable and exclusive designs—fast colors—buy COLONIAL DRAPERY FABRICS.

A personal inspection will reveal their true worth, but for out-of-town readers, a postal will bring samples and illustrated booklet free.

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Book Covers	Glove Boxes	Piano Covers	Stand Covers
Candle Shades	Hand Bags	Pillows	Table Covers
Comforters	Handkerchief Bags	Purses	Tray Covers
Corset Cases	Handkerchief Boxes	Screens	Utility Boxes
Couch Covers	Hat Boxes	Sewing Bags	Valances
Cushions	Hatpin Holders	Sewing Boxes	Wall Coverings
Darning Bags	Lamp Shades	Sewing Cases	Wall Pockets
Darning Boxes	Laundry Bags	Sewing Screens	Waste Paper Baskets
Dollies	Loose Furniture Coverings	Shirtwaist Boxes	Whisk Broom Holders
Dolly Rolls	Magazine Covers	Shoe Bags	Window Curtains
Dresser Scarfs	Needle Bags	Shoe Boxes	Work Bags
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If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand, we will supply you direct, Collars \$10, and Cuffs \$10, per pair. Send today for our new free style book, "Hints for Careful Dressers." Fashion's latest dictates.

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FOSTER
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Men's Wear

WHILE the Panama hat derives its name from the new republic, "Panama," the industry of weaving hats by the native Indians of South America is chiefly followed hundreds of miles from that locality, and it is doubtful if a single hat was ever woven in the entire territory, which recently seceded from her mother country, and now occupies the proud and prominent position as the youngest nation among the world's powers.

During the building of the Panama Railroad connecting Panama on the Pacific with Colon on the Atlantic (1846 to 1855) about one hundred fine "Jipijapa" hats found their way to a dealer in the city of Panama, who quickly disposed of them to visiting and resident Americans, Germans, English and French. Owing to the success and profit of the sale, numerous consignments of importance were soon after marketed at Panama and shortly found their way to the United States and Europe. The name "Panama" (that of the city of purchase and distribution), remained with the hats, as the public cared not how, where, or by whom they were made.

Panama hats are made by old men, women and children in the interior of Ecuador, "whence the best come, also in Columbia and Peru.

They are woven of the leaves of the Jiraca or screw Palm Jipijapa, called by the natives Hippihappa.

Children six or seven years of age are set to work on native hats of coarse palm fibre, which they work at daily, advancing each season to a fibre of finer quality, and in twelve or thirteen years are able to make a hat of a fairly good sort. The majority never become expert enough to make hats of the finest weave.

A hat of the very finest quality takes six months in the weaving. Its texture is like damask, and its fibres are as delicate as threads of linen. A straw broken, a knot protruding on the pattern decreases the value of this hat from fifty to seventy-five per cent.; hence the care required to make a perfect hat can be imagined.

To begin to weave a Panama hat they start from the centre of the crown, and the little circular begin-

ing, the outfit should provide for camp life in the open. If one's idea be to combine the two—and this is the jolliest kind of a trip—one should be prepared to meet the night in the most formal resorts, or in the solitary places, with equanimity. Certain things one must have in any event; the rest according to circumstances, and—though quite in the line of suggestion, rather than of out and out advice—the following are worthy of consideration:

Assuming that the trip be taken in a motor car with the intention of de-



PANAMAS.
One of the telescope shapes affected by young men with a liking for "sporty" effects.

pending entirely upon the hotel, or wayside inn, for board and lodging; that the route selected will take one through more or less well-known summer resorts and cover about two weeks, the list should include a motor cap and a straight brim, or Panama grass straw hat. The last is the better because taking up much less space, though the first-named goes easily in the circular tire "box," which, made of black or tan leather, and fitting the extra tire exactly, is an excellent style of auto carry-all. Two sack suits of ordinary design—I mean without attempt at special character for motoring—will be ample provision, especially if one be of such outing material as to make his trousers serviceable for golf or tennis, in case one may care to play those games wherever one may stop, and the other of dark fabric for more formal afternoon dress. But if space will permit I should recommend eight shirts, including two for more formal day wear than the soft flannels or silks one drives in, and at least three for evening dress. The soft, unstarched shirts may be laundered over night at many hotels one stops at, and most of one's days will be spent on the road, but the evening shirts are more difficult to launder, and may be needed at least four evenings a week. One must take evening clothes, of course, on such a trip as this, and let it be the full dress in preference to the dinner coat suit, for when evening clothes must be worn at all, it will be the formal, not the informal, kind that are indispensable. But two white waistcoats of the simple, easy washable kind, one pair of white gloves, and six neckties and evening collars should be sufficient. Nor will one need more than three suits of underclothes, three pairs of pajamas and five pairs of hose, for all these, as well as one's handkerchiefs, can easily be done up over night at any good hotel. A pair of patent leather low shoes, besides the tan shoes one drives in, will answer every purpose for formal dress, so that rubber sole shoes may be included or dispensed with, as one sees fit, and with a few soft collars, neckties, the driving duster, rubber or waterproof coat, gloves, goggles, folding umbrella and necessary toilet articles one's dress requirements will be complete. Such a wardrobe for two men can easily be carried in a fair size touring car, and if one arrange to stop over two days at the end of the first week the necessary laundering is a simple matter. Or, indeed, if one's plans are made beforehand, one may express ahead enough for the second week and send back one's soiled linen, etc., in the same box or bag.

In the case of the tour above described, one should not take more other baggage than the lunch basket

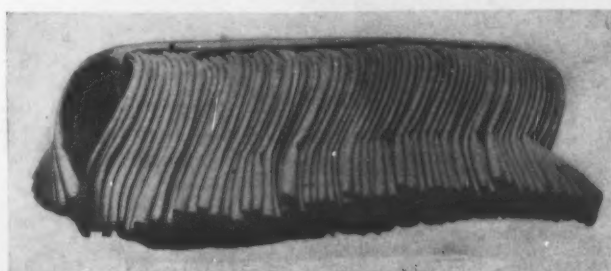
and thermos bottle for everything may be had en route, but on the camping trip, much of the wearing apparel should be cut out and camp stuff substituted. The straw hat, the extra sack suit and all formal clothes may be dispensed with, and two suits of flannel pajamas and underclothes (one of fairly heavy weight), with heavy wool stockings, stout shoes, a heavy sweater and rough outing suit should form part of the equipment. Very light silk tents of small size are easily carried, and there must be a light axe and camping kit for cooking and eating, in addition to blankets and rubber robes. There is an excellent khaki shirt to be had at the sporting shops for such a trip as this, and so many other things must be carried that the wearing apparel should be cut down to as little as possible. But the shirt, the stockings, etc., can easily be washed, so that one needs little room for them, and it is always better to buy one's provisions as one goes along—simply enough for a day at a time.

The combination of these two kinds of trips, of course, presents more difficulty than either one alone, and yet with a little more reliance on the "washday" and the country inn, it is by no means unfeasible. While a motor car distance is a thing of so little moment that almost any reasonable requirement may be filled in a short space of time, and every waterway navigable by a motorboat is dotted with small or large towns and villages. Indeed, the tour by water is in many ways easier than that by car, especially if the boat have a cabin, and while the requirements in the way of clothes, etc., are much the same, save for such articles as are used more ordinarily on a sea trip, there is usually room for more.

Blue serge suits and white flannel, or duck, trousers naturally suggest themselves for life on the water, and in addition to a heavy sweater one should provide oneself with a rubber storm coat, or, if rough sea may be encountered, with oilskins. The bathing suit should most certainly form part of one's outfit, whether the tour be by car or motor boat, and in either case, too, several large bath towels should be included. One or two small tents may easily be stowed away in the small cruising boat, with such utensils as a picnic lunch or dinner may demand, but it is least trouble to depend mainly on tinned stuffs on such trips, and these in amply sufficient variety to satisfy the most fastidious taste may be bought at the places one stops at as one goes along.

AGAIN that army officer from the Philippines has turned up who exclaims at the folly of New Yorkers in not wearing rational clothes during the summer months. says the New York Evening Post. He points out, with much force, that we have bursts of heat as intense as any known in Manila; yet whereas even the Americans there have learned to dress in cool linen, at home they go gasping and perspiring about their work in clothing that has no relation at all to the thermometer. Moreover, in their efforts to adjust themselves and make life temporarily worth living, they present every form of grotesque deshabille to offend the eye and the taste. How much better to go frankly over to tropic dress in our tropic weather!

To this appeal all of us must at times have been inclined to yield. Within the past month there have been many days when the vision of a city clad in white samite must have seemed an ideal to be striven for. A crowd of men in this latitude dressed for what the geographers call our "temperate climate," but caught in a descent of humid heat that makes visitors from India sigh for Calcutta, certainly offers a triumph of maladjustment as well as a scene of human misery. The army officer from East of Suez is excusable for



A PACKAGE OF PANAMAS.
Twelve dozen Panama hats in one of the original packages made by the natives who weave them.

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ONE special feature of Green Collars is their adaptability to necks and shoulders of every conceivable shape. Human forms differ to a great extent. The reason many men fail to get a proper collar fit is because manufacturers fail to realize the futility of classifying most of them as normal. Here is where Green Collars win the lasting gratitude of customers by providing a range of styles and sizes particularly adapted to their individual needs.

"The Gilegarly" shown here is a popular close front style for business wear. Neatly finished, smartly cut and durable. 2 for 25c. If haberdasher cannot supply you, write direct.

Wardell-Greene Limited
Toronto and Waterloo

wondering at our stupidity in the whole clothes philosophy. Yet all these chance tourists and censors overlook one fact which partially explains, if it does not justify, our reluctance to adopt linen and duck, with little or nothing under, as our staple summer wear. This is the great changeability of even our July and August climate. No man can be sure, for example, when he sets out to write on a sticky morning about the oppressive temperatures, and the need of sensibly conforming to them in dress, that by afternoon a thunderstorm or a cool wave will not have



PANAMAS.
This shape, with the brim turned down on one side, is rather too rakish for the average man, but looks well on certain types.

brought relief to those who read his words, and set them laughing at his being betrayed by the weather. Today's maximum of 93 degrees may be followed by to-morrow's of 78 degrees; and in every heated term we are always hoping that the next day will bring us a period of cool weather. With these violent alternations ever before us, it is not strange if most people, unable or unwilling to keep a wardrobe *utroque paratus*, should cling as much as they do to the old fashion of clothes which are comfortable in moderate heat and can be made partly comfortable, if wholly unsightly, by stripping off various layers on the days when the mercury is racing for the high record.

Yet in spite of this persistence of former customs—or costumes—there have been enormous changes for the better within the memory of every man of fifty. It was not so many years ago that high silk hats and black broadcloth coats were numerous, even in July. To-day, you would have to look long to find a single example of that once compulsory garb. In the heroic days of thirty or sixty years ago, every "gentleman" felt it

necessary to sit in his office in a high collar and stiff shirt over which was buttoned a black coat, concealing beneath it agonies like those of the Spartan boy with the stolen fox under his jacket. But that is almost wholly a thing of the past. We have not yet reached a regulated or conventional summer dress, but we have at least discarded the old tyrannical and stifling casings. On all sides one sees the negligé shirt and the waistcoat that "glares by its absence." Much remains to be done in the way of sensible and becoming clothes for our tropical months, but the vast improvements already achieved are matters of every-day observation.

A Bird's Barbed Wire Fences.

THERE may be seen along the roadsides in Central America, a brown wren about the size of a canary, which builds a nest out of all proportion to its apparent needs. It selects a small tree with horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks fastened together with tough fibre, until a platform about six feet long by two feet wide has been constructed. On the end of this platform nearest the tree trunk it then builds a huge dome shaped nest a foot or so high with thick sides of interwoven thorns. A covered passage-way is then made from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Across the outer end, as well as at short intervals along the inside of this tunnel, are placed cunning little fences of thorns with just space enough for the owners to pass through. On going out, this opening is closed by the owner by placing thorns across the gateway, and thus the safety of the eggs or young is assured.

"Joseph," said his mother, reprovingly, "I should think you'd be ashamed to be in the same class with boys so much smaller than yourself." "Well, mother," replied Joe, "I look upon the matter in a different way altogether. It makes me feel fine to see how proud the small boys are to be in the class with a big boy like me."



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CHARLES SUMNER, when in London, gave a ready reply. At a dinner given in his honor, he spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! What American English!" rudely broke in an Englishman; "dust, you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet, Gray tells us that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'" The American was not criticized again that evening.

ONE day a Scotch and English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scotch boy, though the smaller, being far the more pugnacious. "What garred ye fight a big laddie like that for?" said the mother, as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsmen wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into trousers!"

MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX characterized in a neat epigram a notorious difference in the world's treatment of the sexes. "To say," she observed, "that everybody is talking about a young man is a eulogy; but to say that everybody is talking about a young woman is an elegy."

EDMOND ROSTAND, author of Chantecler, is one of the most charming of men, but he admits to two pet antipathies. He hates undue familiarity and hates the ministerial officer known in France as a "huissier"—who corresponds to a bailiff in the old days of arrest for debt. The other day at the wedding of Monsieur Jean Coquelin, a young man walked up to M. Rostand, clapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed: "Well, old chap, I am glad



Sandy: "Doctor, man, there's a wee bit error in this bill of yours. Ye've charged me for advice. Ah never tuk it."

to see you! How are you, my dear old pal?"

"My dear old pal," said Rostand very quietly—"who are you?"

The other day a friend of Rostand's called on him for a subscription. "It's really charitable," he explained. "We want to pay the burial expenses of a poor devil of a bailiff, who—"

"What!" exclaimed Rostand, "a bailiff. How much?"

"Oh, a couple of sovereigns," his friend said.

"Here are £4!" said M. Rostand. "Bury two bailiffs."

THE Town Council of a small German community met to inspect a new site for a hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day, a member suggested that they should leave their coats there. "Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are all going out together, what need is there for anyone to watch the clothes?"

SCHOPENHAUER, when staying in Geneva, used to go every day to a table d'hôte at which now and then appeared other distinguished visitors. Once Lady Byron sat next to him. "Doctor," said the host, after she had left, with a twinkle in his eye, "doctor, do you know who sat next to you at the table to-day?" It was Lady Byron. "Why the deuce did you not tell me this before?" replied Schopenhauer; "I

should have liked to be rude to her." "That was what I feared," said the host; "and for that reason, I kept quiet."

Fritz Kreisler, the eminent violinist, tells the following anecdote:

I have played on many of the great violins, and each seems to possess its individual voice, as each presents an individual physiognomy, so to speak, that is known by all violin experts.

Two years ago in Berlin I went to the shop of Hamming, a well-known connoisseur and repairer. I had a surprise for him in the shape of a famous Stradivarius that I had purchased quietly in America. We chatted for a while, and then a friend of mine, who was helping to carry out the joke walked in with my new instrument. He said he had picked up a violin he wished to have examined.

No sooner had the scroll appeared from out the wrapping than Hamming's eyes bulged.

"What have you there?" he spluttered.

I seized the bag, exposing only the scroll. "What is it?" I asked.

"That is the head of the Greville Stradivarius."

And it was. He had never seen the instrument; but he knew every minute detail of its physical structure. I believe that man could recognize at a glance nearly every famous violin in the world, and more quickly, perhaps, than the ordinary man would recognize his own children.

At a recent English election two laboring men were discussing politics (and four-ale) in the public bar of the Red Lion. Jones was a true-blue Tory, while Smith was a Radical of the deepest dye. The argument was fierce. "Ah, well," remarked Jones at length, "yer can't get away from the fact that Mr. Robinson's a puffet genelman. A reel torf, 'e is. Only the other day 'e sent me a rabbit for my dinner." "Oh, 'e did, did 'e?" snapped Smith. "Well, that's wot we calls bribery," Jones began to get alarmed. "Well, the rabbit was a trifle 'igh," he replied, deprecatingly. "Wuss still," thundered Smith; "wuss still. That's bribery an' corruption."

CRASH! Down the kitchen stairs fell the entire trayful of crockery from the dining room. Not even the saltcellar remained unbroken. Within the dining room sat husband and wife, staring blankly at each other. What did it all mean? But this was a time for action, and the mistress rushed to the door. "Jane, Jane!" she cried, "whatever have you done?" Jane smiled. "Oh, mum," she replied, "it's only the dinner things, mum. What a good thing I hadn't washed 'em up!"

THE late Professor Sophocles, of Harvard, was a short, but finely built man, with bushy, snow-white hair and beard, olive complexion, and piercing black eyes, and looked like some venerable Arab sheik. Reserved and shy in manner, he was yet full of genial humor. Once, in the classroom, he asked a student, "What was done with the bodies of the Greeks who were killed at Marathon?" "They were buried, sir." "Next!"



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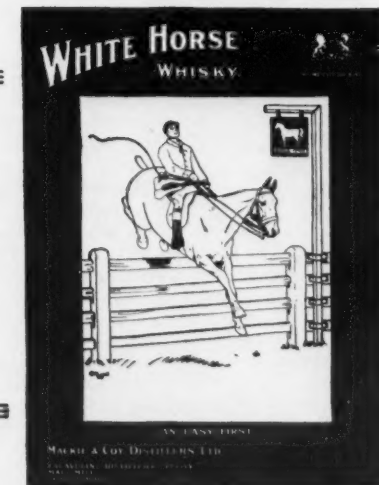
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The Dead Control

By PAUL URQUHART
The Tale of a Mystery Enshrouding
an American "Railway King"

COVERLEY GUTCH, before leaving London for New York, was asked by his friend Buckmaster, a stock broker, to inquire into the physical condition of Silas P. Bottinger, the great American financier, whose death would have a very serious effect on the shares of Amalgamated Tins which Buckmaster was holding.

A frantic cable from Buckmaster, awaited him at New York, served to remind Gutch of his promise.

"George," he said to his factotum, as they were driving to their hotel, "which do you believe in, pleasure before business, or business before pleasure?"

"Oop! Yorkshire," retorted Walker stolidly, "pleasure is business, so they don't consider much about it. Sometimes, I reckon, they make a business of pleasure."

Through Walker's mental vision flashed memories of strenuous holidays at Blackpool and Scarborough.

"You are the most unhelpful man in the world, George, ab-so-lute-ly. You always compare everything to what they do in Yorkshire—as if Yorkshire were the centre of the world. Anyway, we'll do our business first. When we get to the hotel, you go and ring up Mr. Silas P. Bottinger—say you're speaking on behalf of Mr. Coverley Gutch—better mention the Shanghai Railway deal—that'll remind him who I am—insist on speaking to him yourself—just say that I was anxious to know how he was feeling and that I hope he's better."

A quarter of an hour later, as Gutch was ransacking a kit-bag for his favorite pipe in his bedroom at the hotel, George presented himself.

"Well," said Gutch over his shoulder, "did you get on to him? How is he?"

He handed across a rather dirty envelope on which he had taken down in pencil the railway king's reply. Gutch read it hastily.

"Picking up nicely, thank you. Eating well and sleeping well. Reckon I'll be back in Wall Street next week at latest. Good bye."

"That ought to satisfy Buckmaster, ab-so-lute-ly," Gutch mused, half aloud. "Silas Bottinger must know how he is himself. I'd better cable Buckmaster right away and put him out of his misery."

He took the pencil from his pocket, and bending over the dressing-table, began to compose his message. He got no farther than Buckmaster's code address.

"You're sure it was Bottinger you spoke to, George?" he said, turning round.

"Nay, I can't say that. Never heard tell on him before."

"I'd better make sure."

There was a telephone in the bedroom. He went over to it, and, after connecting with the exchange, got through to the number he wanted. A girl's voice spoke to him across the wires—

"Yes, who's that?"

"Is that Mr. Bottinger's house?"

"Yes. I'm his secretary, Alice Pegram. What do you want?"

"Awfully sorry to worry you. Sent my man to 'phone Mr. Bottinger a quarter of an hour ago, and he hasn't come back!" (Gutch winked, grinning, at Walker.) "Expect he's lost himself. I've just landed from the Atlantic. Mr. Bottinger and I have had a lot of business together, and, hearing he was ill, I thought I'd just like to know how he was getting on. Mr. Bottinger will remember me. Coverley Gutch, that's my name—of the London Stock Exchange."

"If you wait a moment, I'll tell Mr. Bottinger you're on the wire."

The girl's voice faded tremulously away. Presently, with a sort of grating, gasping noise—as Walker had said, like a man speaking with a cold in his throat,—Bottinger replied—

"Yes, yes. I'm Bottinger. Picking up nicely, thank you. Eating well and sleeping well. Reckon I'll be back in Wall Street next week at latest. Good bye."

The message ended abruptly, and Gutch found himself cut off before he could ask any further questions.

"Old man Bottinger must have learnt that message off by heart," he said as he put back the receiver in its place. "Exactly the same words as he used to you, George. It was Bottinger speaking all right, though—I'd know that particular brand of twang anywhere. It may be of no blamed consequence in the world, of course, but it's rum his using the same words. Seems as if he was wound up to say that and nothing else."

Gutch began pacing up and down the bedroom floor, whistling softly one of Schubert's melodies.

"He might be really ill, George, you know, and they just get him to say the same words every time. It's rum, anyway—ab-so-lute-ly rum. We'll try him to-morrow again before I cable Buckmaster. If I'm not satisfied, we'll have to get a car and run down and prospect, I suppose. Intensified culture will have to stand over."

That evening, as Gutch was sitting in the hotel vestibule, a tall, lean-looking man in evening dress, after a whispered conversation with the commissionaire, came over to him and introduced himself.

"You're Mr. Coverley Gutch, aren't you? Heard of you to-day from my friend, Mr. Silas P. Bottinger. There's my card."

Gutch took the bit of pasteboard and read the name: Henry Clay Schwann. He knew it as the name of the man who was second to Bottinger in the group that controlled Amalgamated Tins.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Schwann, ab-so-lute-ly," he said genially.

Schwann took a seat by his side, letting a pair of steel grey eyes, set very close to each other, rest on him inquisitively for a moment.

"You've known Silas P. Bottinger for a long time, I suppose, Mr. Gutch?" he said.

"Knew him well four or five years ago; helped him a little over the Shanghai Railway concession. Was an awfully good chap, I thought. I was very sorry to hear he'd been so ill, but it's cheering news he's so much better. He told me on the 'phone that he was picking up nicely and expects to be back in Wall Street next week. What a hurry you American business men are, Mr. Schwann, to get back to business."

Schwann took the cigar he was smoking from his mouth, and looked at the lighted end meditatively.

"Why, yes, I suppose we are. You take things quieter in London. You over for long, Mr. Gutch?"

"A month, at least—perhaps longer. You've struck a new system of intensified culture here. It's a hobby of mine. I'm fearfully keen on it."

He plunged excitedly into a detailed account of his success as an intensive culturist, hurling comparative statistics about wheat and radishes, grown under the old and new systems, at his companion's head for close on half an hour. At the end of that time, Henry Clay Schwann had had enough. Expressing the hope that he would see him again, he wished him good-night. Gutch, left alone on the settee, watched Schwann go into the office, and saw him through a partition, scribbling a telegram. He waited until he had left the hotel, and then lounged lazily across the vestibule.

At the counter, he picked up the pad of forms on which Schwann had written. As if composing a telegram himself, he carefully traced out the indented marks of the former message, which were impressed faintly on the sheet.

"Pegram. Not dangerous. Nothing fear. Coming down to-morrow."

"That looks rummier still, ab-so-lute-ly," said Gutch to himself, as he tore off the sheet and put it carefully into his pocket. "Not dangerous—nothing fear—what the deuce does it mean, I wonder?"

The following morning, as arranged, he rang up Bottinger again to inquire after his health.

As before, after a few words with the lady secretary, he was put on to the railway king himself. Gutch waited anxiously for the reply. It came at last.

"Yes, yes. I'm Bottinger. Picking up nicely, thank you. Eating well, and sleeping well. Reckon I'll be back in Wall Street next week at latest. Good bye."

"Well, I'm blessed, George!" said Gutch, as the voice ended abruptly, and he was cut off. "This beats everything. We've got to take that trip down into the country."

A castellated entrance-gate, flanked by two ornamental lodges, barred the way to the grounds of the railway king's house. Walker at the wheel, sounded his horn impatiently, but it was a minute at least before any one put in an appearance; then a man in the dress of a keeper lolled lazily out of one of the lodge doors.

"No good," he said laconically; "the boss is seeing no one; strict orders."

"Mr. Schwann wired instructions last night that he was coming down. He has been delayed, but has sent me on ahead. Open the gates immediately; the matter does not admit of delay."

The name of Schwann acted like magic. With a deferential air the man swung back the magnificent iron work gates, and the car swept onwards up the drive.

In rather under two minutes, Walker had gathered up the mile of avenue that led to the house, and stopped dead, with perfect accuracy, in front of the stately marble steps

of the entrance. Gutch swung himself out, and like a man absorbed with the urgency of some important business, took the steps three at a time, and impatiently touched the electric bell. A footman, in gorgeous livery, presented himself at the summons, holding one half of the swing doors open and filling the gap with his highly ornamented body. Gutch stepped forward with the same urgent air of abstraction.

"From Mr. Schwann," he said abruptly. "Take me to Miss Pegram at once."

His imperative tone and his general air of being the messenger of some important affair, completely carried away the footman. He stepped aside, and with a brief "Come this way, sir," led Gutch up the grand staircase—an exact replica of the one at Versailles—to the second floor. Here, at the end of a long passage, he opened a door, and ushered Gutch into the room beyond. As he retired, he touched an electric bell.

Only for a few moments was Coverley Gutch left to admire the beautiful furniture and appointments of the apartment. Suddenly one of the two doors, which flanked the fireplace at the opposite end of the room by which he had entered, opened quietly and a young girl came in hurriedly.

Gutch had a vision of charming female beauty, the beauty of twenty-four, dressed in a dainty white costume.

"Oh, Mr. Schwann," she said. "Thank goodness you have come."

She stopped abruptly, staring at Gutch with wide-open, terrified eyes. Looking at her he noticed that, in spite of her piquant beauty, her face was drawn and haggard, and there was a strange look of haunting terror in her eyes. She leant back against the wall, pressing her left hand to her heart. Gutch moved forward sympathizingly.

"My dear young lady, I am afraid I have frightened you. If so, I am awfully sorry, ab-so-lute-ly. Do sit down a bit until you've got used to my terrifying looks."

"What do you want? why do you come here?" she retorted in a low voice, completely ignoring his remarks. "I understood you were Mr. Schwann."

"Miss Pegram—you are Miss Pegram, aren't you? I will be candid with you, ab-so-lute-ly—I wanted to see my old acquaintance, Mr. Bottinger, and as there seemed no other way of getting to see him I used the name of Schwann, quite improperly. Now, if you'd take me to him at once, I'd be awfully obliged."

It seemed to Gutch that she turned a shade paler.

"Oh, no, you can't see him. He's much better, thank you, eating well, and sleeping well. Reckons he'll be back in Wall Street next week at latest."

A little hysterical sob brought her remarks to a conclusion. Gutch looked at her steadily.

"I heard that message before, Miss Pegram. You've forgotten to put in the last words, 'good-bye.'"

She seemed to shrink further

(Concluded on page 12.)

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"That deaf-mute says he is certain his love is not reciprocated."
"Why? Because of his affliction?"
"No, the girl is a deaf-mute, too. But she always turns out the light when he calls in the evening."



RAY F. McNAMARA, in a six-cylinder Premier touring car, will be No. 1 in the Munsey historic tour, which starts from Philadelphia on August 15. From that city he will lead the caravan to Trenton, thence to Morristown, where, in the hills of the same name the Continental army once travelled and fought, and on to West Point to visit the Military Academy. The Hudson River will be crossed and a stop made at Lenox, Mass., in the Berkshire Hills, and the next day a detour made to the Long Island Sound coast, with a station at New London, Conn. Boston, of course, will be an important place en route, and from there part of the course of the 1908 Gidden tour will be taken to Portsmouth, N.H., and Portland, Me., where the 1906 national route will be touched. The White Mountain will be crossed to Plattsburg, N.Y., going around the head of Lake Champlain.

Plattsburg will form a "farthest north," and then a turn to the south will be made, stopping at Saratoga Springs, perhaps Albany, then across the Catskills to Binghamton, N.Y., over the Pocono Mountains to Harrisburg, Pa., and down to the battlefields of Gettysburg. The final run will be through Baltimore to Washington, D.C., and the distance will be about 1,700 miles. It is planned to have the tour extend over two weeks, with one day of rest.

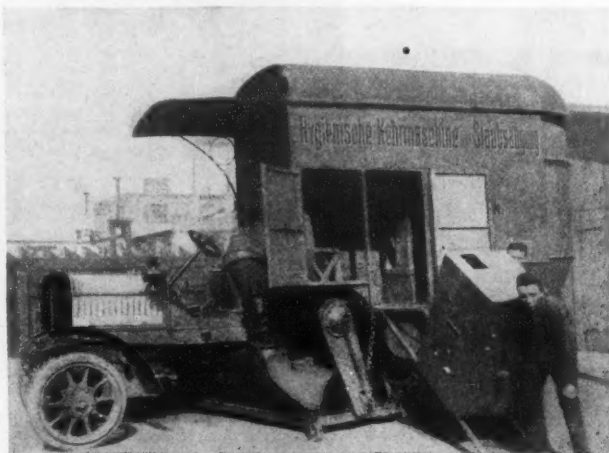
"WILL we never drop miles for kilometres?" said Edwin G. Baldwin, of Boston, Mass., inventor of the auto guide. "Miles are very confusing. A kilometre, the world over, is a kilometre; but a mile in America is 1,760 yards, while in Sweden it is 1,170 yards, and in China it is 629 yards. The Bohemians go in for a long mile. So do the Danes, the Hungarians, the Poles, the Swiss. If you walk three miles a day among those people you have done pretty well—you have covered about fifteen of your own miles. There are, in fact thirty-seven kinds of miles. It would take eighteen of the shortest to equal one of the longest. The rest vary in length between these two extremes. Doesn't the world, then, need one measure, the kilo, that it may use without confusion? Consider: an automobile that travels forty miles an hour in China would only be going two and one-half miles an hour in Sweden."

AN article giving practical hints on tours is printed in "The Automobile Blue Book," where it is said that the desert and mountain regions of the Far West "are being rapidly transformed into one of the most fascinating touring-grounds of the continent." At the same time the motorist who attempts long runs in those regions without special preparation and knowledge of conditions will court the most serious kind of trouble. But, if one is possessed of a standard model car in good order, adequately equipped, and has "enough of the spirit of the pioneer to find enjoyment in minor hardships," he can nowhere secure a more delightful outing than in a tour with congenial companions between the Rockies and the Sierras. No amount of preparation can avoid all kinds of difficulties. It is quite as important to select companions possessed of stamina and good temper as it is to choose a suitable equipment.

Thus far nearly all travel over this country from the eastern edge of the Rockies has had for a starting-point either Cheyenne in Wyoming or Pueblo in Colorado, both of which "lie at the extreme Western border of the great alluvial plain of the Mississippi Valley." Until the tourist leaves one of these cities, he will not encounter in his journey westward conditions of a type unfamiliar to him elsewhere. He will find some bad and sandy roads, but that is his experience in most sections, but bridges will be found whenever wanted, settlements will be numerous, accommodations for the night plentiful, and gasoline abundant at low prices. After entering the mountains, however, "new conditions, in many respects beyond the imagination of the non-travelled Easterner, supervene." The roads mean "an unending alternation of running through valleys and over summits,

even the most desert areas being decidedly mountainous." Before reaching the coast, the tourist will find "killing climbs of miles upon miles on low-gear, with the ascent always severe, and often, for very short distances, absolutely up to the limits of traction of engine power."

In descending from the mountains the tourist must "brake with his engine," or else "learn to his sorrow that three or four hours of continuous down-hill, dropping from 300 to 1,000 feet a mile, will not merely jar brake linings, but will absolutely burn the brakes out of the car, wearing the brake-drums to shells." Water-



A type of street-cleaning machine used in Vienna. The dirt is drawn up by a vacuum process through a funnel into a can, which is replaced when full.

cooled brakes and inorganic contact surfaces are of little avail. Nothing will suffice to dissipate the energy developed in the descent except letting the car turn the engine over.

Besides the ascent and descent of mountains, the tourist will find in the Far West tracks of level country, as in Nevada, where are "hundreds of square miles of almost level ground, of natural road material across which the highways, constructed only to the extent of occasional wheel-tracks and sign-posts, will admit of full speed to the most powerful car." Bad places will be encountered, but they are usually short ones. In the Rockies on grades will be found what are known as "stair steps," excessively steep and abrupt small gulleys, patches of deep or slippery mud, deep ruts and high rocks in the middle of the road, but all these can be overcome by skilful driving.

The problem of a gasoline supply is one that permits of no neglect, as

many runs between settlements are so long that no standard car has a gasoline capacity sufficient to carry the needed supply. An extra supply must be secured in advance and taken aboard the car. Extra lubricating oil must also be secured, since only one or two camps exist where oil of the proper quality can be had. The route should be carefully verified at every point, because there will be runs of hundreds of miles in which no human being will be met. Night stops can usually be made at some village or house, but a camping outfit, including a supply of condensed food for several days, should be taken along. This will not only afford complete independence, but when regularly used will reduce expenses materially.

A WELL-KNOWN musical critic drew my attention the other day to the increase of these motor horns which play three or four musical notes, and the possibility of giving out on them Wagnerian leit motifs. Usually the notes are all on the common chord, which would enable the "Rheingold" or "sword" motifs from the "Ring" Cycle to be given with ease. My friend, however, declared that he heard a motor the other day

which gave out the cry of the flying Valkyries, "Ho-yo-to-ho," the four notes of which lie on the unusual chord called an augmented triad. Undoubtedly it would be a suggestive call for a swift 6-h.p. car, but I have a suspicion that one of the pipes was partially blocked and the enunciation of Brunhilde's cry was a pure chance.

First Professor—"My dear colleague, I'm a little puzzled. When did the first Peloponnesian war begin?"

Second Professor—"431 B.C." First Professor—"Quite right, quite right. That is the number of my doctor's telephone. I was to call him up and tell him my wife is sick."

First Beggar—"What are you doing here, Pete? I thought your stand was on the bridge."

Second Beggar—"Oh, I gave that to my son as a wedding present."



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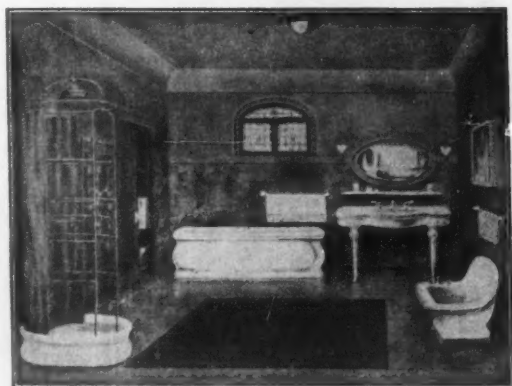
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The Dead Control.

(Continued from page 10.)

against the wall, staring at him fascinatedly, as a rabbit looks at a snake at feeding-time.

"You can't see him, you can't see him."

"Sorry, ab-so-lute-ly, Miss Pegram but I've got to."

He made a movement towards the door by which she had entered. She stepped in front of it hastily, stretching out her arms as if to bar his passage.

"No, no, you can't. Go away, you can't see him."

"Look here, Miss Pegram," said Gutch gravely, "I am anxious about Mr. Bottinger. He speaks like a parrot, you look as if you had been living with a ghost, and altogether it's so ab-so-lute-ly curious that I think

"What do you think?" came in expressionless tones from the lips of the girl.

"I think," said Gutch, "that you haven't got Silas P. Bottinger there at all."

Before the girl could reply, the door at the other end of the room opened. Gutch turned to see the long, lean form of Schwann standing in the doorway.

The American uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"My dear Mr. Schwann," retorted Gutch blandly. "I have come to see my old acquaintance, Mr. Bottinger. As this is his house, I will explain my presence here to him and to him alone, ab-so-lute-ly."

"You'll get right now."

Schwann's hand went suddenly to his hip pocket, and Gutch found himself looking down the barrel of a revolver.

"Your arguments are forcible, I admit, Mr. Schwann, but all the same I'm going to see Mr. Bottinger."

From the open door, from a long way off, it seemed there came suddenly the sound of angry voices; then a fierce scuffle, followed by a noise as of something falling downstairs. Then the quick running of feet down the corridor.

"If you don't go, I'll fire."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth than fifteen stone, compressed into the short, stout figure of George Walker, came upon Schwann with the force of a thunderbolt. He fell crashing to the ground, the revolver slipping from his hand and hurtling across the carpet. Gutch ran quickly across the room, and closed and locked the door.

"Good old George!" he said. "I take back all I said about Yorkshiremen. Let him up."

Walker rose obediently to his feet, allowing the almost stunned Schwann to scramble into an upright position.

"I got through six of them, livery an' powder an' all. It were like a football scrimmage, but I thought summut were oop when you chap blazed oop when he heard you were here."

"Right you are, George; pick up that revolver," retorted Gutch. "Now Mr. Schwann," he said, turning to the American, "I will go and see Mr. Bottinger."

He saw a quick glance pass between Mr. Schwann and Miss Pegram.

"I guess the game's up," said Schwann laconically. "Show them round, Miss Pegram."

The girl stepped back, opening the door, and, following Schwann, Gutch and Walker, entered the room beyond.

It was a large bed-chamber, luxuriously furnished with historical specimens of eighteenth-century furniture, which the railway-king had collected in Europe. In the far corner was a canopied bed. Schwann walked calmly across towards it and, motioning to Gutch, put a hand upon the coverlet and pulled it back.

There, with a face of alabaster, lay Silas P. Bottinger, the railway king.

For a few moments Gutch was too staggered at the discovery to speak. Then he turned, questioning, to Schwann.

"He died three weeks ago. He's embalmed. Had to do it to keep the market steady, otherwise Amalgamated Tins would have gone to the deuce."

"Well, that beats everything, Mr. Schwann, ab-so-lute-ly. And you mean to say that you left Miss Pegram alone with that for three weeks?"

"Had to. It was the old man's idea. He was game to the last. Couldn't bear the thought of losing control of Amalgamateds even in the grave. It was his notion to use the phonograph to answer inquiries; insisted on the records being taken the day before he died. Tried them on my offices first to see that they were all right. Sounded a bit foggy, but it was the old man's voice good

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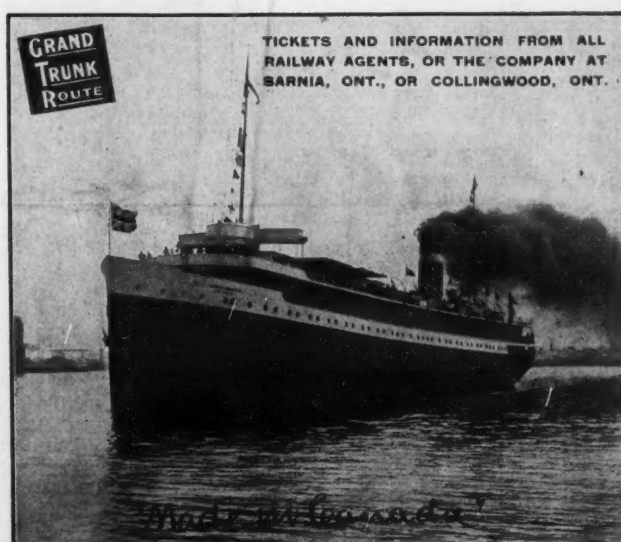
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enough. And now, what are you going to do, Mr. Gutch?"

Gutch considered a moment.

"Look here, Mr. Schwann, I'm not the man to bear any grudge, ab-so-lute-ly not. Mr. Bottinger had a right to do what he liked with his own body, I suppose. I'm just out for business. If you'll compensate Miss Pegram properly for what

you've made her suffer, I'll give you twenty-four hours before announcing the news of Mr. Bottinger's death."

"That's a bargain, Mr. Gutch," retorted Schwann.

When he reached his office the following morning, Buckmaster found a cable, which completely dispelled the gloom in which he had been living for so many weeks.

The next day the announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Silas P. Bottinger caused Amalgamateds to drop two points. How much Buckmaster made out of his "bear" operation, his books alone can show, and the exact amount of Coverly Gutch's profits also remains a mystery, which Gutch himself would be the last person in the world to help to clear up.

Financial
Comment

THE eyes of the financiers throughout Canada continue to turn anxiously to the stock market ticker. Experts in reading the signs of the times can always discern much of significance from the course of the stock markets. It is of much importance to know when the market has touched the bottom. It is somewhat axiomatic with many stock market observers that when the market strikes the rock bottom, it comes back with a rebound. Hence, so long as a rapid recovery is lacking, there is a feeling that the time to buy is not yet.

Following the slump at the end of June and early this month, the recovery in Wall Street was not at first rapid. This excited suspicion amongst Canadians, and it was freely stated that further declines would result. At the time of writing, these have not taken place. Instead, however, has occurred a marked recovery in Wall Street. Whether this recovery will be continued or not, its occurrence has certainly made financiers in Canada feel better. It is still felt, however, that there must be some underlying reasons, in addition to such as have appeared from time to time, for the severe break which has been experienced. Canadian financiers have been watching the situation very closely and have so far failed to discover any sufficient justification for the action of the market. The air, however, is full of half spoken fears of industrial depression, crop failures and more or less intangible calamities. All this of course is very unsettling. It is frequently stated, and doubtless with good reason, that the stock market is the barometer of trade conditions, it being of such a sensitive nature that it indicates the coming of events long before their occurrence.

It is often hard to distinguish between cause and effect. Hence the unsolved riddle regarding the precedence of the hen or the egg. While many claim that the stock market goes down previous to an era of industrial dullness, and recovers previous to an era of industrial activity. Others make the claim that the stock market movements are the cause of the industrial conditions which followed and not simply its passive precursor.



WHEN the markets began to show signs of unsettlement and distress in 1907, industry was probably at the zenith of its activity, not only throughout Canada and the United States, but possibly throughout the world. As the price of stocks sank lower and lower the effort to discover the causes brought out scores of interviews from those who should be among the best qualified to give information upon the situation. Looking back, it seems to the writer that until well on in the year the claim was constantly made by almost every financier that the industries of the country were in splendid shape—which so far as could be seen they were—and that there was no occasion for the agonies of the stock market. The fact is, however, that towards the close of the year, just as the stock market reached its lowest point, industrial depression struck the entire country like a storm cloud and enveloped it in less than a month. Probably no industrial change ever took place with more suddenness than that at the end of 1907.

While there are many supporters of the claim that the stock market is simply a precursor of industrial events, it would not be difficult to find reasons for supposing that the industrial depression which began at the close of 1907 was very largely precipitated by the panic which took place in the markets. For instance, there can be no question that after a prolonged break in the market, such as took place recently, the entire financial and industrial world is left in a state of unsettlement. Lack of confidence is a predominating feature. Men who would have previously invested their money freely and undertaken financial obligations in connection with industrial expansion, keep their cheque books locked up in their desks. They are afraid. What is true to-day was, of course, true in 1907, and is true in all similar movements. But while this lack of confidence, following stock market depression, undoubtedly has much to do with the industrial depression, there can be no question that underlying it all must be an unsound situation.

These reminiscences have a practical application to the conditions of to-day, if they can only be accurately interpreted. Any information which may throw light on the present situation will naturally be of great advantage.

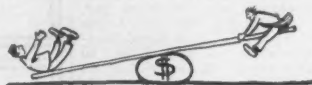
One of the most prominent factors in the prosperity of the country is the crop of the North-West. This is looked forward to by financiers and business men more, perhaps, than any other single influence. It is assumed that if the crops are good the purchasing power of the farmers will be large and prosperity will thus pass on from the retailer to wholesaler, and from wholesaler to manufacturer, and from all these to employees, so that the whole country will feel the influence. It is disappointing, therefore, to learn that the crops of the North-West will, this year, be to some extent a failure. The unfavorable weather conditions in the West, it is stated on the best authority, have had the effect of reducing the possible yield by perhaps 40 per cent.



IT may be remembered that last year the conditions early in the season were exceedingly unfavorable and that a poor crop was expected. Later on the weather changed and from that until the crop had been harvested, perfect weather was experienced. The result was that the largest and best crop in the history of the West was reaped. Local authorities placed the crop of 1909 at 120,000,000 bushels—the wheat crop is now, of course, referred to. This quite possibly meant the production of \$100,000,000 of wealth. This year, unfortunately, the unfavorable weather has lasted so long that the damage was done before the favorable weather arrived, the result being that little improvement can now take place. On the other hand, unfortunately, still more damage may result before the crop is harvested. Fortunately, the acreage was greatly increased this year, otherwise the crop might have

been cut down to 60 or 70 million bushels. As it is, some good judges think the wheat crop may reach 100 million bushels, although the consensus of opinion is that 90 million bushels is a more representative estimate.

As may be known, the hardening of rates on money, which takes place each fall, is largely due to the demands made upon the banks for crop moving purposes. In general, the bigger the crop the more money would be required, and the higher the rates. Looking back over the past two years, some interesting comparisons may be made between the bank note circulation of each year as well as between the amount of money on loan. These comparisons are made in a table which appears below. It should be remembered that the crop of 1908 was in the vicinity of 100 million bushels, possibly a little less, that of 1909 being 120 million bushels, while the present crop is estimated at 90 million bushels.



COMPARISONS of the circulation during the months of March, April and May of 1908 and 1909 show almost no difference, being in the vicinity of \$70,000,000.



MR. CLARENCE A. BOGERT.

General Manager at forty of the Dominion Bank.

During the crop moving period, however, in 1908, an increase of \$14,000,000 to \$16,000,000 took place over May; whereas, in 1909, the increase amounted to \$20,000,000 to \$21,000,000 over May of the same year. The excess of \$5,000,000 in the amount of money required to move the 1909 crop over that required in 1908, would naturally be attributed to the 20 million bushels additional in the crop; so that a falling off of 30 million bushels, such as indicated in 1910 as compared with 1909, would mean that possibly \$7,000,000 or \$8,000,000 less would be required to harvest the crop this year than last. As against this, however, is the fact that the circulation during the months of March, April and May this year was \$10,000,000 in excess of the corresponding months last year, so that it would be fair to assume that the actual note circulation during crop moving would be in the vicinity of \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 more than last year. This would mean that the circulation would in all probability not exceed \$35,000,000 during next October and November.

The paid up capital of all the banks last year was slightly in excess of \$98,000,000. On this paid up capital, the banks were able to provide \$92,000,000 circulation in November. Upon the assumptions above employed the circulation this year will reach about \$95,000,000, the paid up capital being still but slightly in excess of \$98,000,000. Owing to the provision made by the Dominion Government for crop moving purposes a few years ago—by which the banks will have the privilege of issuing an emergency circulation to the extent of about \$25,000,000 in excess of their paid up capital—the financing of the crop this year should offer very little more difficulty than it did a year ago.

In the table which appears below will also be found other figures. The difference between the call loans in the different years will be found especially interesting, as

will also the fact that time loans have increased \$100,000,000 since a year ago. Should this increase continue till October and November, in last year's ratio, the amount of money on time loans will be very little short of \$700,000,000. The probabilities are, however, that neither time nor call loans will be much larger than they are now, inasmuch as the banks have been curtailing this feature of their business for some time past. In fact, the call loans are probably at this moment actually smaller than at the end of May, as they always contract after a slump such as the market recently experienced.

The deduction to be drawn is that although rates on money will be hard this fall, the crop movement is likely to be relatively of less importance than a year ago, time loans and even call loans being relatively of greater importance. Even allowing for some increase in call loans towards October and November, it is likely the total will be no greater than in October and November, 1909. Time loans will get much of the benefit, the industrial activity of the country being thus indicated.

The following statistics are given in round millions, ciphers being omitted:

1908. Crop, 100,000,000 bush.					
	Mar.	Apr.	May	Oct.	Nov.
Circulation	\$71	\$71	\$70	\$84	\$86
Loans—time	545	539	538	519	516

1909. Crop, 120,000,000 bush.					
	Mar.	Apr.	May	Oct.	Nov.
Circulation	\$71	\$73	\$71	\$91	\$92
Loans—time	520	534	528	580	590
Loans—call	166	165	174	186	191

1910. Crop, say 90,000,000 bush.					
	Mar.	Apr.	May	Oct.	Nov.
Circulation	\$81	\$82	\$81
Loans—time	635	638	643
Loans—call	190	182	184

JUST across the Victoria Bridge from the City of Montreal lies the little town of St. Lambert. Now St. Lambert, for one reason and another was for years not expanding at the rate of other suburbs of the metropolis. Lately, however, it has been making an effort to turn the corner. One of its acts in this direction is worthy of comment. Acts resorted to in an emergency are not infrequently illuminative. Many people fail to reach logical conclusions from clear enough premises, and it is only when results have become exceedingly disastrous that they at last conclude that conditions are wrong.

The act referred to was simply that of granting exemption of municipal taxation to an industry in order to induce it to erect its factory in the municipality. It is an act that has not been uncommon of late years and demonstrates the existence of conditions which, to say the least, are somewhat remarkable.

Over in this same town of St. Lambert, an effort is at present being made to boom the price of land. In fact, it is quite possible that the vote of 73 per cent. majority in favor of the by-law exempting the industry mentioned from taxation was for the specific purpose of booming land. This factory will employ a certain number of hands—the number doesn't matter. These employees will require to reside near their work and this will afford an

opportunity for the owners of the land to raise their prices. More groceries and drygoods will be sold in the town, also, but whether the stores doing business there now will get the benefit or not depends a good deal upon the amount of opposition. There is strong probability that they will not. In the city of Montreal there are thousands of buyers of groceries, but the St. Lambert grocer is quite possibly making as much as his city confrere of the same size. If it were otherwise, the St. Lambert grocer would come over to the city of Montreal.

For all practical purposes, it may be taken for granted that the stores and other industries of St. Lambert will not be great gainers from these factories, inasmuch as increased trade will bring about increased opposition. As against any slight advantage which might be allowed, is the increased rents which must result from the increased value of ground. Such merchants as have to pay rent will be at a disadvantage to this extent. Such as own their ground will get the advantage. But this advantage is not due to increased trade but to the increased price of ground. It is not an industrial gain, but merely speculative.

The question is: How will St. Lambert make up the taxes which it will lose through the exemption of this factory? Will it increase the tax on the other factories and industries of the town, notwithstanding the certainty that these factories and industries are getting little, if any, advantage whatever, because of the addition of the exempt factory and may even be at a disadvantage? Or will it rise these additional taxes from the ground value of which alone has been raised by the coming of the factory?

The very asking of the questions should settle the procedure. An accountant having any scientific comprehension of his work would simply ask what person or account received the benefit of any particular work or expenditure and would make his journal entry accordingly. He would charge the land. Then, when the cost of the work fell due, he would raise the revenue from the land and give it credit for it. Principles of accountancy should prevail in civic as in private affairs if we are to make progress. Yet I will venture to make the prediction that St. Lambert will not collect her taxes from the only people whose possessions are advanced in value because of the new factory, but will take it from those who have nothing which has been advanced in value.

Truly it is a strange commentary upon our methods.



IT seems that after four months operations under a three-cent fare, the Cleveland Street Railway Company shows a deficit of \$78,828. The profit, under the same fare, in June was \$48,927. The concern was lifted out of a two-year receivership on the first of March and was handed back to the original company to be operated on a three-cent basis but has been showing a deficit.

It is impossible at this distance to offer any explanation of the inability of the company to operate on a three-cent basis; and, on the other hand, it is not accepted that this is any demonstration of the inability of railways, generally, to operate on such a fare. We do know something about conditions in Toronto and Montreal. Here the average fare is quite possibly on a basis of three cents and on-half—certainly it is under four cents. At the same time, both companies are able to contribute very considerable proportions of their profits to the civic treasury and in addition thereto to pay large dividends to shareholders—6 per cent. in the case of Toronto and 10 per cent. in the case of Montreal. It must be remembered, too, that in both instances dividends are being paid on considerable quantities of water. So that if dividends had only to be paid on the actual money invested in the construction and plant of the railways, who shall say that the rate could not even be doubled?

Under the circumstances, it looks just a little absurd to us over here that the Cleveland crowd cannot operate on a three cent fare save at a loss. Is it because we have exceptionally clever men to manage our street railways, or because the Cleveland managers are very stupid? I think it is neither. Yet it is reasonably certain that three cent fares would not show an operating loss over here and that it is not costing street railways in other cities of the United States three cents per passenger to operate their lines, even though dividends could not be paid on watered stock. There was such a hot fight waged in Cleveland over this question of three cent fares that one is not disposed to regard this alleged deficit as something which could not have been avoided.

Economist

Rubber Shortage to Keep Price Up.

Mr. Edward Macbean of Glasgow, a manufacturer of waterproof goods was in Toronto recently. This gentleman is of the expressed opinion that imitation rubber won't go very far with the trade. To a newspaper reporter he said:—

"The chief factor in the price of rubber at home seems to be the shortness of the supply in the American market. At present our buyers have been holding back and brokers have been getting together and trying to boost the price.

"They are doing great things out in Ceylon with regard to the cultivation of rubber," said the Old Country dealer. "You know the British Government, through its experts at Kew Gardens, has done a very great deal to assist planters. The industry in the Far East has been developed in the most scientific manner, and now they are getting results in rubber which is vastly superior to the very best that can be obtained in a wild state.

"Just to show how eagerly the pure cultivated rubber is sought, there is the case of the Selanger plantation in Batavia. Well, they have sold their entire output for two years ahead; and yet it isn't as good as that grown in Ceylon. They are getting \$2.75 a pound for it. Good rubber may be produced on these eastern plantations for from 35 to 60 cents a pound, and as it is not likely for many years to go below at least \$1.50 a pound, you can see that they have an enormous margin of profit. Personally I think that for a long time to come rubber will maintain its present value of from \$2.50 to \$3.45 a pound."

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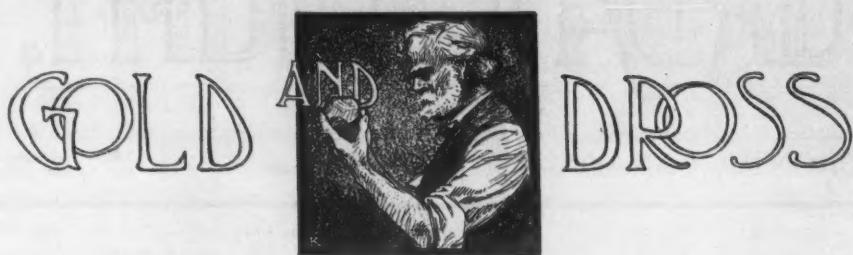
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Despite the repeated and reiterated statements in the Fiduciary, the organ of the Fiduciary Co., which is selling Agaunico stock, the Agaunico property in Cobalt, still has little chance of making a mine. The claim lies well outside the producing area and while the vein has held remarkably well in width to a depth of more than 259 feet, there appear to have been no silver values that would pay for the working at any point in it.

A study of the statements of the manager, Mr. Arthur Falthorn, shows careful details about the work that has been done above ground, but only vague and indefinite promises and hopes about the prospects of the mine as revealed by the underground development. The management must be given credit for their pluck and nerve in sticking to their confidence in a country that has been abandoned by everybody else. They still seem to honestly believe that they will eventually find silver—though there is hardly any recognized engineer who agrees with them. It is possible, however, that this faith is in their ability to keep on selling stock as long as they can keep on working.

The statement of Mr. K. G. Sundstrom with regard to Agaunico is, on the face of it, so unprofessional that it would not gain credit with any mining man. An unequivocal statement that a prospect which has shown only indications of possible values will beyond question make a mine would never be made by an engineer who cared for his reputation. There are too many things that may happen in the development of a mine that would prove him wrong. Of course every engineer is entitled to express his opinion as he sees fit.

Agaunico is still a prospect. It never has shown anything that would allow one to call it a mine. While it is being worked efficiently it cannot be considered as anything more than a gamble. The money that is being put into it comes from the proceeds of the sale of stock and a liberal commission is paid to the Fiduciary Co. for their trouble in selling it. Frankly, it appears as a stock-selling proposition that does not look very attractive for the ordinary stockholder.

Geo. H., King Edward Hotel, Toronto: I do not look on Wettlaufer as a buy just now, though there are many worse things offered.

I have a communication from a gentleman at Lower Nicola, B.C., who speaks of the Diamond Vale Coal Co.

It is his opinion that managed properly, the mine should be shipping to-day. He says the shaft has been sunk in as bad a place almost as it would be possible to select, as it could have been sunk through sandstone to coal, thus obviating the water difficulty.

This gentleman mentions that President Smith runs the Nicola Valley News, so that matter appearing therein from time to time respecting the Coal Company may not be entirely of the uncolored variety. My informant tells me the vertical shaft is full of water in spite of the operation of centrifugal pumps of large capacity, also states that one of the former Diamond Vale engineers appearing in the local press as M.M.E. and C.E. is in reality an electrical engineer. The writer is of the opinion that a change of management and the introduction of a skilled coal engineer would not be a bad thing for the property.

A. V., Toronto: The marvel to me is that with proven stocks such as Mackay, Twin City, and a score more selling now at bargain rates: and with the market outlook so shaky, that people of large capital are being pinched—that despite this there are people like yourself willing to entertain the idea of taking in shares in brand new concerns.

I see nothing attractive anyway in the Autopress proposition. Keep your money in the bank. It's about a thousand per cent. safer there than in the hands of promoters who tell you a man that depends on bank interest never becomes wealthy.

Inquest, Picton, Ont.: I would look on Dominion Canners 6 per cent. bonds as being fairly safe. As to whether the preferred is a buy or not, consult a first-class brokerage house. The cost is little. Dominion Canners has a tremendous capital, remember.

A. W. R., Toronto: An illustration of the care one must exercise before becoming connected with a new company occurs in the case of the Island Refining and Smelting Co.

Mr. D. D. Mann, of Toronto, has launched an action against this company to compel specific performance of an alleged agreement. Mr. Mann may win, or he may lose. The action may never come to trial, but in any event a concern that starts out with a lawsuit on its own is not one in which I would advise anyone to purchase shares.

One would imagine ordinarily that when an individual saw his money slip away from him into a hole, that he would for the rest of his existence strenuously avoid anything that looked like the original aperture. Not so a Unionville gentleman. After losing hard cash in the Douglas & Lacey game, he subscribes himself a willing lamb to the Plummer Oconee-Cotton-growing scheme. There is something pathetic in the note he writes, as follows:

Unionville, July 9, 1910.
In reply to yours of the 7th, I have taken some shares, and expect to buy more soon. My opinion is if well managed by reliable men and if the Dyke building expenses and storm chances are not too great for profit, it's the best chance I see to get back some of my lost Douglas & Lacey stock at small cost. Had you any D. & Lacey stock that Mr. Plummer offered you this chance? If you had, did you put in the reorganized committee to get some back? He says we will, for out of 22,000 who held stock only 4,400 put in. If you had no stock you'll not understand this. Be your own judge. Good chance. H. A.

It is pleasing to know that out of 22,000 suckers, only 4,400 appear to have the habit. But even that proportion is 4,400 too many.

Winnipeg, Man., July 15th, 1910.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Will you kindly tell me if The Western Coal and Coke Company are worth investing in, and oblige yours,
WINNIPEG.

The shares have a nominal value only. I would hesitate to buy.

T. P. L., Havelock. Neither "mines" you mention appears to be worth holding; the trouble is to dispose of them.

Toronto, July 18, 1910.

Editor, Gold and Tross:

Be good enough to report on standing of men behind this concern.

Is the original company in States making a success of their business?

Thanking you in anticipation. Keep up the good work.
PROSPECTIVE INVESTOR.

This company has, I understand, a Buffalo factory, but as for actual commercial selling, I do not think that stage is reached. I shall be glad to be informed when it is.

As a little object lesson of the care that is necessary to be observed in scrutinizing proposals brought out with the object of getting people to subscribe for shares, the fact might be rehearsed that a couple of months ago an agent for the Atlantic Oil Company visited TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT offices and showed me what he said was a personal letter from Mr. Clifford Sifton, of Ottawa, which stated that Atlantic Oil shares were worth \$125 per share each.

Up to date the company appears to have spent all its

money, and has re-organized in order to secure more funds for development. Mr. Sifton told shareholders at the last annual meeting that the company needs \$150,000 more, consequently the sale to the Columbia Oil and Gas Co. of Canada was at that meeting ratified.

It appears from the remarks made by Mr. Sifton that this company has never authorized the sale of any shares to the public, so it becomes a question as to where the shares that have been sold and bought, came from. I have the following letter from a Toronto shareholder, who encloses a copy of the report of the May meeting:

Milton, Ont., June 29.

Editor Gold and Dross:

Dear Sir,—Being a shareholder in Atlantic Oil, I am inclined to think I have been "done in oil," as a study of the reports of the general meeting would indicate. I was let in at par, on a few remaining shares, due largely to the fact that I was a good fellow, and the kind-hearted apostle of this trust busting oil company had a personal interest in me and wished to help me out. In view of the enclosed report, it seems that no sale to the public has been authorized by the company. Is this square? Do you think that those gentlemen who got only 2 millions more of the new stock for the exploitation rights of an adjoining property have been treated fairly? I think it time the public knew that the money being raised is going down into the jeans of promoters.

A SHAREHOLDER.

The firm of Wallace & Eastwood, mining brokers, Toronto, is being dissolved. This is still another indication—if more were needed—to show that the palmy days of the Cobalt boom have departed.

Wallace & Eastwood occupied expensive offices in Toronto, operated a private wire to Cobalt, one to North Bay, and spent, it is said, some \$4,000 month to run their business. The profits were largely made out of commissions on sales of Cobalt shares, but the good old days are gone. The public now injects a large leaven of discrimination in making its purchases, and it looks now as if before the year is out, a lot of mine "presidents" would have to go back to work to make a living.

The California-Alberta Oil Company begs to notify shareholders that it has seen fit to close the Vancouver office, and in future all business will be conducted from the head office at Seattle.

The company expresses pleasure in informing shareholders that "the plant is finished, and drilling operations have commenced," gangs of men at work, rig fully equipped for boring to 4,000 feet.

For the sake of Canadian shareholders, it is to be hoped that real oil will be struck, but I fear it will not.

A. W. R., Toronto. Shares of the Island Refining & Smelting Company are not listed. As to whether the process will be a success I will give information later on.

A Reader, Toronto. Keep your money out of the Brazilian Gold & Diamond Mining Syndicate.

J. N. E., Okanagan Centre, B.C. As previously recorded Kootenay Exploration Company appears at the present time to be down and out, as I am informed.

Interested, Toronto, re Detroit and Algoma Silver Mining Co.: The office of this company was at No. 3 Ouellette Building, Windsor, but a communication forwarded there is returned, unclaimed. Look for later report.

B. F., Princeton, Ont.: Coalings-Eureka shares are dealt in extensively on the New York curb, and are boosted by such firms as Scheffels and W. J. Pullman & Co. My advice is to keep out of it.

A. M. D., Toronto: See answer elsewhere on this page.

The only value that the preferred and common shares of the P. L. Robertson Manufacturing Co. can ever have is that attained ultimately as a result of revenue-producing business that may be done.

You may be of the opinion that a would-be investor is forced to take a chance in order to secure profits. The fact is, however, that the men who minimize chance in every venture in which they engage capital are the ones that pull out ahead in the long run.

Robertson Screw Company is earning nothing. Commercially, Robertson shares should be worth approximately to-day only the proportion each share would receive in case all assets had to be sold, plus a percentage based on returns from business in sight; plus again returns from prospective business if returns from business in sight warrant it. How big a percentage may allow for the first plus depends on whether management is economical or otherwise; whether in the financial statement plant is over-valued or not, and whether capitalization is conservative or too high. The cost of production also figures. Further, in the case of this company one must consider—in assuming monetary risk as a shareholder, how big a market there appears to be for the product.

If the Robertson screw turns out to be just a freak screw of little commercial value, then shareholders can get no dividend returns. If, on the other hand, the Robertson screw has the familiar article beaten in point of efficiency added to low cost of manufacture, the case becomes different. The only way the average man at this stage can gain a correct idea of the real intrinsic merit of this product is through the record of the amount of screws sold compared with production cost. If such record is not obtainable, the only really safe thing to do is to rein in your investment ardor till you can get such a statement. If you prefer to take the chance, get down to hard facts and business analysis. Think this or any other new company proposal well over a few days after the sound of the agent's voice leaves you.

Re Taxicabs, Ltd., Toronto, a request has been made of this company for a statement. Would suggest that you write the general manager, Toronto, whom I am informed will give you all the necessary information.

N. L., Ottawa. I very much doubt if the Taylor Gold Mining Co. is one of the real good ones, in a commercial sense. I will publish a further report.

Subscriber, Montreal. Purchasing mining shares at five cents—par \$1.00—simply means that you are gambling on the possibility that circumstances so far unknown may arise to make your holdings of value. Keep away from the promoter of Prudential or any other "mine" that isn't a mine until it develops ore bodies of commercial value, in a region where it can readily ship. Otherwise it is worth only the few cents you pay for it, and perhaps not that.

Says The Toronto Telegram editorially: Cobalt stocks are low, but perhaps no lower than they ought to be, having regard to the capitalization of the properties.

"The greatest silver camp in the world" is still producing the precious metal, and will go on producing it for years.

The price of Cobalt stock is not regulated by the productiveness of the camp. If the investing public produces dupes faster than Cobalt produces silver, the price of mining stocks goes up. If otherwise, the price of mining stocks stays down.

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MONTREAL FINANCIAL

PRICE OF PEACE IN NOVA SCOTIA STEEL SAID TO HAVE COST \$1,700,000.

MONTREAL, July 21, 1910. THE "Scotia" war is over at last, brought to an end by the offices of J. W. McConnell. We all knew it would be over sometime, but lately it had begun to look as though it might be prolonged a considerable time yet. The history of that fight, from first to last, would make interesting reading. Before the fight began at all, there was reason to suppose that the buying movement, through Rodolphe Forget, had been inaugurated with the co-operation of leading officers of the company, though there was naturally no definite information on that point. It looked later as though Forget saw some opportunities and concluded to purchase control of the company. We all know that Harris succeeded in beating Forget out at the annual meeting of the company. Nevertheless, I am pretty certain that it was only by a fluke that he managed to do so; for morally—if there can be any "morally" about these things—Forget had the majority of the shares before he left Montreal for that meeting. However, the whole thing is only a subject for gossip now—though, for that matter, gossip is quite as interesting as stern facts.

Here is where Mr. J. W. McConnell steps into the arena. "Steps into the arena" is not altogether apt, because McConnell wasn't playing the role of gladiator or christian martyr or any of that kind of thing. Rather, was he flying the white-winged dove of peace. There has been some discussion as to whether the "peace making" was a happy thought born of the circumstance that President Harris was in Montreal, or whether there had previously been negotiations. I vote for the latter. McConnell's friends tell me he is something of a magician, but I don't just see how he could finance these peace terms all of a sudden. There have been prices mentioned in connection with the deal. Some of the papers said \$86 per share was paid, and that 20,000 shares were transferred from Forget to Harris. I think we may disregard the price, as people seldom tell the exact truth in these matters. At any rate, it looks as though the total consideration might have been well towards \$1,700,000, and that is too much money to be raised all in a hurry.

Behold how Good a Thing is Unity.

So it is evident that J. W. McConnell had been carrying on peace negotiations in Scotia and that he brought them to a successful issue while President Harris was in Montreal. Being a good salesman, he didn't overlook the effect of displaying the goods properly. Therefore he got Harris and Forget to meet, just like Kaiser William and the late King Edward, and demonstrated in public that all was forgiven. That is just as it should be. It was all very tactful and very wise and it removes a danger point from the financial field. Matters in connection with our iron and steel industries have been in a somewhat unsettled condition for some time past, and internecine warfare in Scotia didn't tend to reassure. Now we begin to know where we are again; and one thing is certain—President Harris never announced in a more convincing manner that the earnings of Scotia were satisfactory at this juncture. You could hardly make a mistake in supposing that unless industrial conditions go wrong during the next half year, there will be increased dividends. The industrial outlook, however, calls for very conservative action.

Although we have, from time to time, been hearing a good deal of J. W. McConnell, of the *McConnell Blew*—financial firm of Johnston, McConnell in *From the Wilds*, & Allison, this incident thrusts him forward more prominently than has yet been his lot. I don't know what his enemies say about him but it isn't hard to find his friends and this is the substance of their tale:

McConnell came down from the wilds of Muskoka, some eighteen years ago, to Toronto, and got a job with the dry goods house of Geo. Goulding & Son. At that time he was about fifteen years of age. He is now about thirty-three—and, by the way, I believe he was born on Dominion Day. However, he blew in with the brand of health the summer visitor to Muskoka goes to seek. He dug right in and in three or four years' time had collected experience as entry clerk, etc., and was in charge of a department. Apparently, however, he cared more for the salesman end of the business, and it was in this connection that he eventually graduated.

His net job was with the Standard Chemical Co. In connection with this company there's a lot of most interesting material which I haven't time to tell about just now. But it seems that it had only started shortly before. It had a capital of about \$25,000 and a plant somewhere up at Fenelon Falls, and I have a notion that William MacKenzie, among others, was interested. J. W. McConnell went with the company as its first traveller, probably. The products of the company were acetic acid, wood alcohol and all that kind of thing—all of which I think are roasted out of hard woods. He sold these products from the Atlantic

to the Pacific, for a while, and was then appointed to come down to Montreal and open a branch. In the course of a very few years the company had several branches in the city as well as a \$250,000 plant located here—all of which is good evidence of McConnell's selling capacity and business ability. In connection with selling ability I have been told that it was he who made the first sales to the British War Office, of an ingredient requisite to the manufacture of cordite, known as acetone. The War Office had been purchasing its acetone largely from Germany, and although the War Office is a fine, old, conservative unemotional British institution, McConnell's persuasive powers seem to have prevailed, for it began buying acetone from Canada.

It was during the Boer war that McConnell—who certainly had been "going some" for a youngster with the terror of short pants barely off his mind—found out that he had some of the qualities which make a promoter. The Standard Chemical Co. wanted more capital. Failing to get it here, McConnell was deputed to go to England and get it. But England wasn't giving up any capital. From broker to broker went he, armed with the best of credentials and introductions. Nothing doing. Then he started in to get the money from private subscriptions. Defeat followed defeat. But by persistence and ingenuity he managed to get audiences, and where he got audiences he generally got subscriptions. In the end he succeeded in raising the necessary and making

a host of friends. He came away with one of the finest subscription lists any man under similar circumstances could possibly get—so I am told by one who has seen the list. It includes many men of title and note, and, I understand, is preserved by Mr. McConnell with some pardonable pride, more especially as, a few years later, he went back over the ground again and obtained additional subscriptions from the same men and for the same purpose.

A Ten-Thousand Dollar Frigate.

Interesting stories are told of McConnell's experiences upon that first occasion. I recall one with which, after various ruses, he finds himself in front of a certain Lord Overton. I think the name is—since deceased. Overton looks at him and takes out his watch. "Now, my boy," he says, "I'll just give you four minutes to explain what you want."

It was just like telling a hungry man he had four minutes to eat his dinner and run a block for the train. However, McConnell got busy, and after four heart-rending, brain-splitting minutes he deposited some campaign literature on the desk, along with a fat subscription list, and departed. Next day he received the subscription list with the addition of My Lord's name and a subscription of £2,000.

When he left the Standard Chemical Co. a few years later, he was vice-president and eastern manager and the company had a capital of over a million dollars.

The firm of Johnston, McConnell & Allison is only three or four years old. It was formed of G. H. Johnston, who used to be general supervisor of the N. Y. Life, for Canada, and H. J. Allison, who was in the real estate business in Winnipeg, and the aforesaid J. W. McConnell. All three partners get out and hustle in the business. Of McConnell's abilities as a securities salesman we have evidence and to spare. I am told, also, that he is of the clean-cut type and therefore he is doubly welcome in the list of financiers who have arrived or are arriving. The firm has taken part in a number of important flotations among which are the Central Saskatchewan Land, Canadian Western Development, Pacific Pass Coal, Lethbridge Collieries, Canadian Cereal and Milling, Traveller's Life, Quebec Railway Light, Heat and Power and Canadian Light and Power, of most of which Mr. McConnell is also a director.

Effect of Half a Crop on Stocks.

EVEN the most optimistic grain men are led to the conclusion that throughout Canada about half a wheat crop is the best that can be looked for.

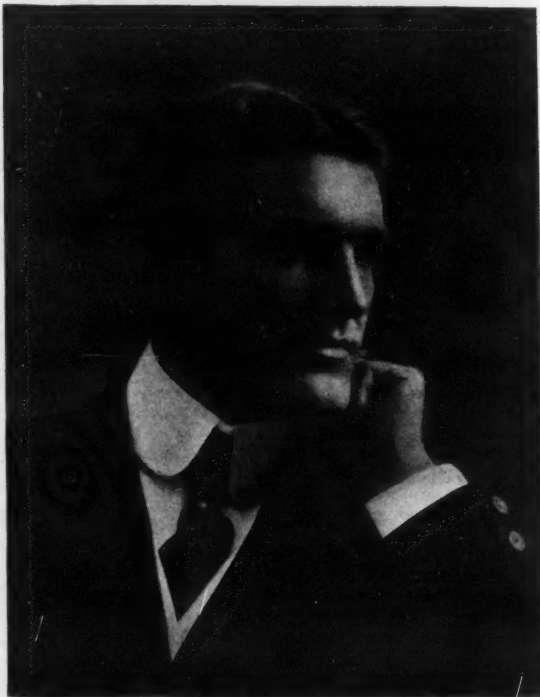
What showings have fallen in Manitoba have been scattered and light. Even heavy rains, were they to occur this week, could not bring back the great proportion of scorched grain.

Grain men appear to think that sixty to possibly 75,000,000 bushels is the outside yield that can be looked for.

Mr. E. T. Somers, of the Canada Grain Co., wired his company from Winnipeg early this week that drought and high temperature were playing havoc. Cool and rain, he said, would help.

With this information the general outlook for fall conditions in the stock markets is not reassuring, as financial men are almost a unit in the belief that only a bumper crop with money flowing freely could have re-awakened public interest in securities and produced a better tone.

Canadian carbide is being introduced throughout Australia and New Zealand, and competition has raised prices somewhat.



MR. J. W. McCONNELL.
Vice-president Standard Chemical Co.

Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)

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RESERVE FUND 12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS 369,311.05

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General Manager - E. F. HERDEN

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Deposits (Nov. 30) 49,471,594
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MONTREAL

Imperial Bankof Canada
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D. R. WILKIE, General Manager.
Toronto, 22nd June, 1910.

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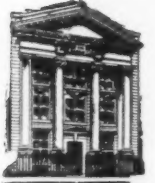
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TORONTO FINANCIAL

A TORONTO BANKER WHO HAS DEVELOPED ONE IDEA TO A SUCCESS.

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1910.

THE very admirable report issued by the Dominion Bank for the first half of the present year, showing an increase in deposits of six and a half million dollars, and an increase in assets, which now total \$61,200,000, of seven million seven hundred thousand dollars, calls attention to the work which the general manager, Mr. Clarence A. Bogert, has prosecuted so effectively since he assumed the duties of that position a little over four years since. In business Mr. Bogert has always been a man of one idea. He has not dissipated his energies by permitting them to run in many different channels. Perhaps that fact has had not a little to do with the success that he has achieved. When only seventeen years of age he entered the service of the Dominion Bank, and in that service he has ever since remained. From the outset Mr. Bogert gave evidence of an innate aptitude for banking. A son of Archdeacon Bogert, of Ottawa, he was educated at Trinity College School, Port Hope. Both at home and in school his environment was such as to well fit him for those duties to which he was later to devote his attentions. Certainly the early events in his career would prove that to have been the case. Ten years after he had started on the lowest rung of the ladder he was appointed assistant inspector at Toronto, having, in the meantime, filled all the intervening and subordinate positions incident to a banker's training.

There is one thing that has been invariably conspicuous about Mr. Bogert—he has never slurred the task for the moment. No matter how small or no matter how great, he has always devoted to the duty of the hour his best thought and energy. Little by little that disposition enabled him to mount the various rungs of the ladder termed Success. He had not been fifteen years in the service of the Dominion Bank when he was made assistant manager at Toronto. But perhaps the great opportunity of his life came when the bank decided to open a branch in Montreal in 1898. Mr. Bogert was then at an age when, by reason of a certain maturity of judgment and a fullness of equipment, a man is usually in a position to make the most of any chances that may offer. Not otherwise was it in Mr. Bogert's case. Chosen to fill an important post on the firing line, he was not found wanting. Gifted with a charm of manner that has always caused him to be sought after in social circles, his demeanor in business is not less ingratiating. Once located in Montreal, Mr. Bogert's influence was almost immediately felt. Possessing a presence that at once commands confidence, it was not long before he had built up in Montreal a business such as had fallen to the lot of few of the outside banks. When the office of general manager fell vacant in the spring of 1906, what more natural than that the man who had built up a wealthy branch in the great commercial centre of the country should be chosen for more exalted, if not more arduous, duties.

Fortunately for Mr. Bogert his early inclinations were such as led him to acquire a strong and a healthy body. While still at college he excelled in many of the forms of athletics popular among his fellow students, and later, when he had become a banker, he still devoted most of his leisure time to outdoor pursuits. The result is that there is scarcely any pastime in which he has not or does not excel—where his skill is not such as to make him a worthy opponent. When the various banks vied with each other under the colors of the Argonaut Rowing Club, Mr. Bogert stroked the Dominion crew, and in the initial race of the series they were victorious. Mr. Bogert practices what he preaches, and his precept is quite as vigorous as his example. Somewhat over forty years of age, his own activities are now largely confined to golfing, which he follows with an enthusiasm that has never been known to flag. Mr. Bogert may not be in the George Lyon class, but he plays a pretty nifty game when he takes it into his head to get out the cleveland and the driver. "I am a great believer in a young man taking lots of exercise," remarked Mr. Bogert the other day, "even if he does not intend to excel in any particular line of athletic sport. A healthy mind requires a healthy body, and the one can scarcely feel its functions properly without the other." And Mr. Bogert has his directors educated much along similar lines, for the Dominion Bank's team in the Bankers' Hockey League is never without an adequate measure of support.

Mr. Bogert is particularly proud of the strength of his directorate. And well might that be the case. Few other banks can show a stronger array of talent—one that indicates greater resources whether financially or in the alertness and vigor of mind, which is per-

haps a greater essential in the modern direction. When you run your eyes over the names of men like E. B. Osler, W. D. Matthews, A. W. Austin, W. R. Brock, James Caruthers, R. J. Christie, J. C. Eaton, J. J. Foy, and A. M. Nanton, you have epitomized most of the qualities that are desirable in any community. They certainly go to make up an exceptionally strong and representative board of directors. As has been intimated, Mr. Bogert has filled the general managership of the Dominion Bank now for four years. During that time one is safe in saying that he has earned the respect of all his fellow managers in the city not only on personal grounds but by reason of his quiet manner and sound, sensible opinion. Some idea of the progress made by the Dominion Bank during Mr. Bogert's incumbency of the office of general manager may be had from the fact that in the past four years the authorized capital has been increased from four to ten millions and the amount of the capital subscribed from three to four millions. The reserve fund in the same period has been enlarged from three million five hundred thousand dollars to five million dollars. The deposits, which in 1906 were about \$32,000,000, are now over \$47,000,000. All things considered, the Dominion Bank is in an exceptionally strong position.

The average speculator in the stock market is a funny animal. It is next to impossible to tell why he goes through any of his numerous gyrations. He is not subject to any of the laws that govern ordinary men in other walks of life. When rail-

way stocks across the line, for example, were tumbling about one's ears a month or so ago, Canadian Pacific stock held fairly firm; it showed no sign of participating in the general decline. But now that a few reports of crop failure in the Northwest have come along, a great many holders appear to be anxious to get from under. And C.P.R. has created a new low record for the year. Aside from the fact that most of these crop reports are likely to be exaggerated—circulated by the "bears" on purpose to influence the market—there is nothing in the position of the company to lead any one to dispose of its stock unless they have merely grown peevish and want to get rid of it at any price. A company that makes a return of seven per cent. in all upon its common stock is not to be lightly disregarded. Especially is this the case when it earns, as the Canadian Pacific did last year, considerably over fifteen per cent. on its \$150,000,000 of common stock. It will take quite a succession of damaged or ruined crops to bring the company to the point where it would have to reduce dividends. So why need present holders worry. Someone has estimated that the company's net earnings for the twelve months ended June 30 amounted to \$31,122,037, an increase of 47.6 per cent. over the preceding fiscal year. The gross revenue for the twelve months in question, it is estimated, will total \$94,000,000, an increase of \$17,686,700. While the gross revenue for the period under review has thus shown an increase of 23 per cent., the operating revenue was reduced from the 70 per cent. mark of 1909 to approximately 63 per cent.



John Muir & Co., New York:

Settlement of Pennys troubles, cash gain by banks from the Sub-Treasury, additional gold engagements, rain in the Northwest, are favorable factors.

Erickson, Perkins & Co.:

Buy nothing on firm spots. Market may well work higher by degrees.

Harris, Winthrop & Co. to Brouse, Mitchell & Co.:

Bullish news had little effect on market.

Financial Post:

Call money may again advance. Difficulty of obtaining market loans deters brokers from seeking business.

New York Evening Post:

Prospect of securing gold in London later on is a favorable indication.

Charles Head & Co. to R. R. Bongard:

Speculation has reached apparently a sold-out condition, where the shorts buy from others going short, and but little actual stock changes hands. There has been a growing demand for stocks of the best class for investment, and the monetary situation is improved somewhat. Purchase on favorable opportunities standard stocks.

Æmilus Jarvis & Co., Toronto:

General crop yield should be better than now indicated. No apparent reason for stocks to go lower than present.

—\$—\$—

Flocking After Cheap Land.

(Moody's Magazine.)

AS a result of speculation, land values have increased from 100 to 1,000 per cent. in different parts of the United States. Acreage that was unsaleable 10 or 12 years ago at \$2 an acre is now commanding \$10 to \$15 and improved farm land has gone from \$50 and \$100 an acre to \$200 and \$350. Fruit lands are commanding as high as \$3,000 and \$4,000 an acre. The direct effect of land speculation and inflated values of land is emigration. This has assumed serious proportions in the north-west. Pioneers and settlers of five and ten years ago have been driven across the border into Canada to land still reasonable in price and soil virgin in richness. Last year 60,000 people went over the line. They took an average of \$1,000 with them. This sum of \$60,000,000 subtracted from the wealth of the United States in one twelve months' period is significant. Now emigration is even heavier than in 1909. It is so great, in fact, that it demands the services of special trains to accommodate it. It is estimated that 150,000 American farmers will, this year, abandon the high-priced lands of the middle West and Northwest for the reasonable-priced acres of the Dominion. With production of American staple products not much in excess of home consumption, and the margin decreasing, the loss of this number of producers is of great consequence to the United States.



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A young promoter instrumental in arranging four important industrial mergers—the Carriage merger, the Canada Bolt and Nut, Dominion Tanners and Canada Machinery amalgamations.

BANK OF HAMILTON**Dividend Notice**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 31st August, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th to the 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the Board.

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 18th July, 1910.

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TORONTO**Tight Money and Stock Prices**

By H. M. P. ECKARDT

AFTER a drop in stock prices in Montreal and Toronto, one of the leading Canadian dailies mentioned that "the difficulty of securing funds on call prevented many from buying at what looked like attractive prices. Such buying would have helped to rally the market quicker." It is quite generally believed that money market conditions operate to prevent the small speculator making a success in stock deals. Thus one hears it said that when stocks have crashed downwards and are quoted at low figures, money is usually tight and the "little fellow" cannot purchase because the banks are not lending freely on stock market collateral. And conversely, when prices are high and speculation active, he is encouraged to buy all he will, no difficulty being then experienced in negotiating the necessary loans. In other words, it appears that when a purchase of stocks is very likely to result in a loss, then all the facilities for making it are handily available; but when conditions are such that a purchase is likely to net the party making it a handsome profit, then the facilities are withheld or cannot be provided: Some go so far as to assert that this peculiar state of affairs results from an unholy alliance between the banking and stock market interests for the undoing of the "outsider." They honestly believe that the bankers and the brokers plunder the clients of the latter in the most cold-blooded fashion.

Everybody who has had a long experience in market affairs knows quite well that the changes of condition in the money market do not operate to the disadvantage of the small speculator to such an extent as many suppose. It is true enough that there are occasions in which money cannot readily be borrowed for purchases of stocks while prices of the same are at exceedingly inviting levels. The recent panic in New York offered a notable instance of this. At the time when the market was lowest it was difficult or impossible to borrow; and even those small capitalists who had funds deposited in the best savings banks of the United States were not allowed to withdraw their own money in cash until thirty or sixty days after giving notice of intention of withdrawal.

But it would be entirely wrong to suppose that these small savers and the small speculator had no opportunity to buy stocks at the low prices. The conditions of stringency had long passed away and the savings banks were paying off depositors in the usual manner—without exacting notice—before the prices of the stock market rose materially above the low levels set in the panic. Another influence than the scarcity of money and the inability to borrow cut an important figure in deterring speculators of all kinds from buying. It is an influence that is always notably present when stocks are selling at low figures. This influence is "fear." Many are afraid to buy because their nerve has been destroyed by a long succession of declines, and they think the market is about to sink to still lower levels. It is a curious fact that at the end of every so-called bear period there are numbers of important operators who are caught with large amounts of contracts outstanding, by the terms of which they are liable to deliver stocks which must be bought before they can be delivered. These men are "short," because they believe the market will go lower. If they wanted to buy they could borrow all the money they required. And so can the small man buy on margin if he wishes to do so.

Often enough, when acute stringency drives the market down, when loans are called and brokers have to bid high for fresh accommodation, there will go up, as there are going up now, lamentations over the fact that money cannot be borrowed to buy stocks while they are cheap. As a matter of fact, on these occasions the would-be buyers often live to thank their stars that they were not able to borrow at the time they wished. For they see, as often as not, the market go lower and lower while the money situation grows stronger and stronger. By and by they may have the opportunity of buying to equal or better advantage and the bankers lending willingly to all who can put up the requisite security.

It is a peculiarity of heavy stock market declines, even of those which originate in a bad monetary squeeze, that after they have been in evidence a certain time, the monetary trouble ceases to be a factor, and its place is taken by other considerations which may be even more alarming. For example, doubts spring up as to the ability of certain speculative favorites to earn their dividends, as to the continuation of prosperous times, as to the effects of legislative meddling with railroad and other corporations, and as to the safe harvesting of important crops. The wiser heads know that after the market has fallen a certain number of points that the decline discounts or anticipates all that can happen in the way of disaster. And they buy confidently but quietly, when to the inexperienced eye the situation looks black and threatening.

Of course the losses which speculators meet through buying at the top of a boom are due entirely to lack of judgment or knowledge. Although the facilities for buying are well within their reach, they are under no compulsion of any kind.

On the Edge of Camrose

A Word About a Western Townsite Co.

WITHOUT doubt, there is profit to be made these days—or in the future—in the judicious purchase of land. Property in the west and northwest, bought with care and discrimination, and preferably after a personal inspection and size-up of the location possibilities, may finally turn over to its owner a sum considerably in excess of what it cost him.

The appearance now is, however, that the Fall money is not going to be tight alone to the professional user, but that in addition a dollar is going to loom large in the eyes of the man dependant upon a limited income for the wherewithal to provide necessities. So that more than ordinary caution should be observed in acquiring lands, and it can be stated generally that the wisest plan will be to let most extensively advertised propositions alone. A property interest in a townsite located so advantage-



ously for railroad, water, trade and health conditions that expansion appears an almost inevitable result, may turn out a good investment if economically secured. Even such a buy as this, however, may become a drag on the purchaser in the event of general trade depression followed by hard times, superinduced perhaps by a partial crop failure.

There is one western proposition that TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT cannot recommend, this being the North-



ern Alberta Townsite Co., Ltd., operated apparently by a lawyer, John Barnett, of Innisfail, Alberta. The aim of this company is to draw attention to and make sales of lands about Camrose, Alberta. At the present time the Board of Trade of Camrose is behind a publicity campaign launched to bring the possibilities of Camrose to the attention of those who may be interested. And this programme appears to be in the way of being carried out with energy. If the publicity man of Camrose—or any other of a hundred "chesty" little western places—gets you on his list, you may be sure that your ignorance of that place will be quickly dispelled.

This effort is, however, quite apart from the business of the Northern Alberta Townsite Co., Ltd. A glance at the above map will show that although Camrose is growing it will have to expand like a mushroom to put the Townsite Co. holdings on anything like as advantageous a basis as the property nearer the heart of the place.

The section marked with a cross on the map is that furthest away from the heart of Camrose, while the lands being offered by the Northern Alberta Townsite Co. lie east a quarter section again. While I believe the lands being offered for sale as part of Camrose are high and dry, the evidence of the map is that they are about as far away as they possibly could be from the town proper, and in all likelihood will be about the last to feel the appreciating influence of Camrose growth.

The average company promoter is no economic philosopher. What he wants is the money—and as quick as he can get it. He overlooks, and would pay no attention anyway, to the fact that every unwise or unsound flotation of any nature that beguiles the people to their ultimate loss, must have a cumulative effect on general conditions. There are hosts of companies to-day operating townsite schemes who are loading up individuals with parcels of land poorly located and which cannot possibly for years to come earn even the interest on the money put into their purchase. Property is like company shares: it must be easily saleable and, if not, it is deficient in the element of value. When the show-down comes, and people find they have "taken the word of the agent" for everything and possess lands that no one else will take off their hands except at a sacrifice price, then suspicion takes the place of a too-credulous belief, and to an extent public confidence is shaken.

The result will be that the townsite artists will have to move, and legitimate development will be hampered because chary capital is not what the West wants. Cobalt to-day is a shining example of the result of over-doing optimism, and unless the local authorities suppress the townsite artists, the general result cannot fail to be bad.

—\$—\$—

The Crops of the Country.

ONTARIO crops, according to the current Census and Statistics Office bulletin, are in good condition, the highest condition recorded being 94.29, for fall wheat, and the lowest 84.79, for spring wheat.

In general conditions in the Dominion for the year ending June 30, compared with previous years, is as follows:

	1910.	1909.	1908.
Fall wheat	85.47	77.38	89.00
Oats	86.33	93.81	90.00
Peas	86.94	84.40	83.00
Mixed grains	84.63	86.53	84.00
Hay and clover	91.43	78.00	87.00
Pasture	85.03	87.74	89.00

—\$—\$—

**FINANCIAL
PARAGRAPHS**

A suggestion of the valuable character of the immigration into the Canadian West from the United States is contained in the information received by the Land Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Winnipeg, that the value of horses brought into Canada by immigrants from the United States since Jan. 1 this year exceeds \$12,000,000. The total number was 50,000. Of these 28,000 were brought in through Winnipeg, 5,000 through Brandon, 5,500 through Emerson and Gretna, and the remainder through North Portal, Saskatchewan, and other points. The settlers are bringing in not only work horses, but some high-class animals are also crossing the line, one shipment of sixteen mares, for instance, being valued at over \$20,000.—Canadian Gazette, London.

Manufacturers and business men are not submitting quietly to being forced to do business under the provisions of the new British Columbia Companies Act. The C.M.A. has filed at Ottawa a series of objections alleging the Act is ultra vires of the Provincial Legislature. The Federal Government may not deal with the matter until October.

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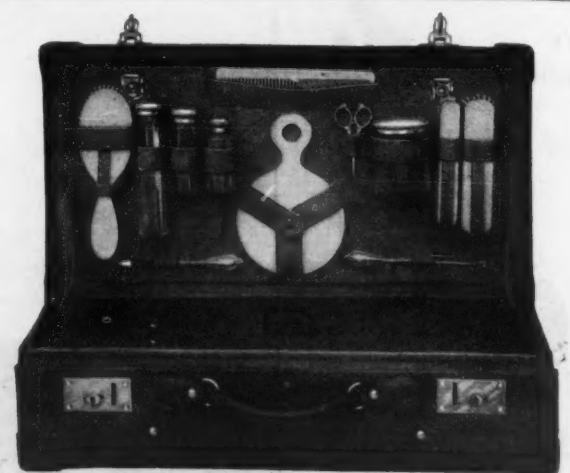
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Whiskey in a Tree Trunk.

WHILE cutting down a tree on his premises recently George Salley, residing near Orangeburg, S. C., made a most unusual find. Mr. Salley noticed something shining on one of the chips that flew off. He found it to be a piece of glass that came from within the tree.

The small piece of glass was chipped off the bottle which was imbedded in the tree and the bottle was full of very fine old whiskey. The tree had a peculiar growth. Three branches grew out about six feet above the ground, making at one time a small ledge. Mr. Salley's theory is that the quart of whiskey was placed in this place during the war. The branches of the tree afterward grew together, completely enclosing the bottle.

"Say paw," queried little Sylvester Snodgrass, "what's a test case?"
"A test case, my son," replied Snodgrass, Sr., "is a case brought into court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."

Biggs—I wonder why they are called "sweet girl graduates?"
Diggs—Can't say, unless it's because they have been stuffing with fudge for four years.

Miss Out-West, (visiting Revere Beach)—So this is the great Atlantic Ocean I've heard so much about?
Literal Bostonian—Oh, dear no; only a mere corner of it.

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the Sherry that surpasses all others

Very Old Very Dry

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COMMENT ON COBALT



THE weakness of Cobalts show more the lack of purchasing power in the market than of manipulation. I may be wrong, but I do not think that the short interest in the Cobalts is anything like as large as people think or the shorts themselves would wish. The trouble is that the shorts have mostly covered. This has left the market without this support, and you see the result.

Towards the latter end of last week a general effort appeared to lift the market, but I don't fancy it will amount to much. The Cobalt following has found that it has been all wrong in estimation of the generality of Cobalts. The fact that very few of those who made a great deal of money out of the boom in Cobalts have any left now is evidence that, to an extent, they were conscientious in the hope they fed out to the public. Of course, there have been a few wise ones. On the other hand there is no doubt that a number of the stock-jobbing cult thought that they could keep on fooling the public indefinitely by aid of the subsidized press.

With the declaration of 50 cents per share on Kerr Lake stock this company shall have paid in dividends 81 per cent. of its capital of \$3,000,000, or over \$2,000,000. With these facts and circumstances the Cobalt Nugget wonders why I can have the hardihood to "attack" this property, otherwise to advise the sale of this stock. To this I will make answer that one great reason I advise the sale of Kerr Lake is because it has paid 81 per cent. in dividends. This will strike the reader as strange, that one man's argument "for" can be turned "against" his contention. The Nugget, no doubt, argues that because a mine has paid over \$2,000,000 in dividends, it is established that the mine can keep on forever paying dividends. I argue that, taking the generality of the Cobalt area the production of something over \$3,000,000 gross is a high average of past and prospective production for 45 acres, and when we add to that about \$7,000,000 which must be produced in the gross to return the money a man puts into it who buys the stock at \$8 per share, we realize that, if Kerr Lake is worth \$8 per share the area within its 45 acres must be somewhat different from the generality of the camp, and before I believe this and allow any of my readers to believe it, I must be assured therein. Shall I believe it because the Nugget says so? Experience would not bid us do so. Shall I believe it because the Toronto daily press says so? Experience would not justify the venture. Then we lack authority for anything pertaining to Kerr Lake's potentialities, for the directors say nothing on the subject save equivocation. As I have said before, if a directorate of a mining company in England would bring out such a statement as that of the Kerr Lake's, they would be sat upon by every respectable financial writer who thought the subject worth the space. Who are the Lewisohns? A group of Wall Street operators. Has time taught us to believe that people are not to give the public any the best of it?

The Nugget itself is not worth the space I have given it, but its process of reasoning is that of a large proportion of Cobalt's following. To the astute business man my argument is unnecessary.

Kerr Lake has been grossly manipulated in the past. It would be under manipulation now would general conditions allow it.

The full text of the Crown Reserve quarterly statement is out. It is the weakest of the series.

The Portland Canal country continues to attract interest. The loading up of the London Times with the big gold story makes me think that real live specimen of the Cobalt Liar must be on the job. If he is, he is enjoying one of the most delightful climates on earth, at this season of the year. The coast range in the vicinity of Stewart, that is, Prince of Wales Island and the mainland about Ketchikan, has been a recognized mineral area for many years. There is one thing, and that is no one need go hungry in the country—the islands off the coast are full of deer and the fish of the waters are legion. To those who wish to prospect with an appetite susceptible to the glories of nature, I can recommend the Portland Canal. As for mineral prospects I must leave that to the geologists. The waterways among the coast islands of Northern B.C. and Southeastern Alaska are the most wonderful in the world. Further south the mountains are set down in confusion, in the north they are as battlements in system. It is a far cry from Cobalt to Alaska, but the writer spent three years a few hundred miles further north than Portland Canal and the present rush recalls his experiences. We found our ore and dreamed of millions and left it because we must eat. Our trouble was we lacked transportation, being too far inland, but in this respect the new field will have no difficulty. We will wish all success to the new field.

Porcupine is quietly attracting more and more atten-

tion, which is but right. The facts are that the ledges are of great extent, and the richness of the ore in the quantity shown, phenomenal. At a depth of 90 feet the possibility of the values being surface enrichment is most remote, and that values will carry a thousand feet or so is to be presumed though not to be banked upon. However, the interest is quietly spreading, and I still feel will grow into a general excitement. Had not London Lake proved such a fiasco and ruined the credit of the country with the basic frost of Rainy River, Porcupine would be a great magnet at the present time. Owing to our deplorable laws, which allow such widespread blanketing, individual holdings are too great, which will hold the country back.

It is much to be deplored that the general press, instead of publishing lies designed to boom impossible Cobalt wildcats, would give more of its space and energies to the advocating of good roads for the new districts. Very few roads are built, and when they are they are of the poorest construction. Ontario advertises that along with its minerals it has farm lands in the new districts, but neither for the one nor the other will it establish a means of ingress and egress. How can the emigrant be expected to have faith in the country without a token from ourselves?

To those who want advice on the Cobalt market in general, I would say don't buy it. Trethewey, McKinley, Darragh, etc., are alright, but Temiskaming, Rochester, Little Nipissing, Beaver should be left alone. I see nothing which would induce me to buy La Rose or Nipissing.

Shepherd

Pooled Interests Make Big Earnings

AN interesting resume of contemporary history being made by Co-operative distributing companies in Melbourne is contained in the weekly report of the Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa.

The report shows that the Western District Co-operative Produce Co., Ltd., with a tiny capital of £1605 made in the 1909-1910 season sales of £352,800, net profits of £4,988, which allowed for dividends of £80, a bonus of £4,826 and £115 to be credited to reserve.

The Gippsland Butter Factories Co-operative Produce Co., Ltd., also on a microscopic capital of £1,562 made sales of £414,126, returning net profits of £4,405, allowing for a £78 dividend, a £3,257 bonus and £450 added to reserve.

These figures are remarkable when it is remembered that the profit made by the distributing companies comes from a fee charged for distributing and marketing the products of the members, all excess profits going back into the hands of the original consigners. The returns from the goods handled are taxed to pay a five per cent. return on the company capital, and the net profits are divided amongst the constituents, being thus distributed until finally they reach the dairymen supplying cream to country butter factories, or to other primary producers.

The report says: The figures relative to the volume of business transacted in the recent season by the third co-operative exporting society—the Victorian Butter Factories Co-operative Company—are not yet available. On a conservative basis it is estimated that the total sales made in the season 1909-10 by the three distributing companies will aggregate £1,270,000, thus constituting a record for the state. This enormous turn-over has been made upon a paid-up capital of only £6,397, which is an object lesson of what can be attained by the confidence of dairymen, etc., in the management of their own business affairs.

In Melbourne, the Victorian Co-operative Company has a butter box factory in operation and is now turning out a collapsible butter box which appears to be overcoming some prejudice which existed against it on the score of not being sufficiently strong to stand rough handling. As a further illustration of what dairymen are continually teaching other sections of producers in the way of mutual trust and concerted action in promoting their own interests, it is worthy of passing notice that the combined co-operative butter factories in New South Wales have completed arrangements to build a butter box factory at Sydney, for which purpose the site has been purchased, the capital subscribed and the necessary plant arranged for. This step was considered necessary by the fact that independent makers combined and raised the price of butter boxes to 1s. 7d. and 1s. 8d. (38 and 40 cents) each, which rate the factories considered to be excessive. The capacity of the plant to be installed will be about 800,000 boxes per annum. The present requirements of the New South Wales factories supporting the industry are about 600,000 boxes, which will leave a margin for other butter producers desirous of becoming shareholders. A saving of 6d. (12 cents) in the cost of each box would cause a saving of £15,000 per annum, but even £7,500 will be sufficient to pay a dividend of 100 per cent. on the paid-up capital.

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Men used to navigate by the stars before the compass came into use, and when the stars were not shining they were very

VERY MUCH AT SEA THEY WERE SHORT OF A GUIDE

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"You would not permit anyone else to wash your face or brush your teeth. Neither should you allow anyone else to shave you.

"Here is a GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR just like your father's—use it just as he does—every morning".

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Shoots of Silver

News of the Mines.—Comment and Criticism.—
What's What in Cobalt.

Apparent valuation of the City of Cobalt mine under the new management has improved to a small extent, but not to the degree of conscientiously advising the purchase of the stock on the assumption that the value of the shares will materially increase on the merits of the property. Under the new management, a small vein carrying fair values in silver was found a few weeks ago. This vein was located on the two hundred and sixty-five foot level, and was nothing more than a continuation of a vein previously worked. To get to the meat in a hurry it might be stated that under the old management the vein was lost—which, by the way, is not a rare occurrence in mining. The result of having an inexperienced man at the helm was the loss of many dollars, for, despite the aid of surveys, drifts were driven regardless of direction, veins were lost, and consequently the valuation of the mine decreased at a rate terrible to realize. Some few months ago the management was changed. Since then many of the old veins have been refound. The values as they appear to-day are not of a high grade variety. But rather they are of a milling proposition. The veins carrying the high grade ore are very small—averaging in the majority of cases three and four inches. In other places there are larger ore bodies, carrying ore worth probably from \$50 to \$100 a ton. It is with this ore the management have hopes of making the City of Cobalt property something resembling a producing mine. Under present conditions, taking everything into due consideration, there is nothing to warrant the purchase of the stock from a standpoint other than a purely speculative nature. Also there is nothing to warrant the circulation of bullish tips.

The properties of the Tournie Company in the Larder Lake district have been merged with those of the Harris-Maxwell Company into what is now known as the Goldfield Company of Larder Lake, with a capitalization of \$3,000,000. The capital of the Tournie Company previous to the merger was \$2,500,000, while that of the Harris-Maxwell was \$500,000. Whether the shareholders of the Tournie are better off since the amalgamation is a question with no definite conclusion.

The main asset of the new corporation is a ten stamp mill on the Harris-Maxwell property which is not by any means of sufficient size to even use in the development of the property. Some time ago an English syndicate had an option on the Harris-Maxwell. They allowed the option to run out, owing to the poor showing of the property. The Tournie properties have been prospected from time to time without any sign of even partial success. It will require a lot of money to develop these properties. Large sums of money will have to be spent in power and machinery. Taking into consideration the capitalization of the new corporation and comparing it with the capitalization of the two companies before the amalgamation, and then remembering what will have to be accomplished, it is safe to assume that the Tournie proposition before and after the merger resembles the story containing details of "six of one and half a dozen of another."

To the investor some points should be remembered as regards Larder Lake. Larder Lake gold propositions have never earned a cent for the shareholder, and the probabilities are they never will. From a mining point of view, the Larder Lake gold field resembles very closely other abandoned gold mines in New Ontario. The gold is found in pockets which are few and far between. Sufficient work has not been done in any part of the field to prove that gold values exist in quantities to reasonably believe that profitable industry exists. To be short, Larder Lake investments presented to you by representatives of operating or other corporations in the country should be classed as pure speculations without barely one chance in a thousand of making good.

You should always remember that it is hardly worth while paying 20 cents for a dozen apples which are more or less rotten when good sound apples can be purchased for the same price. In other words, there are far better methods of investing your money in the mineral fields of New Ontario than placing your money with people who are misrepresenting the value of the property and their assets for the purpose of raising a sufficient amount of money for development purposes.

Nothing has been heard of Cedar Lake Cobalt and Silver Mines Company. Nothing of any value has been located in the Cedar Lake neighborhood. It is true they have located veins, but then the values are in such small quantities that it is hardly probable the value of production will cover the cost of production. The district is noted for small veins of quartz and calcite which carry very small values in iron, copper and Cobalt with traces of silver. The proper amount of development work has not been done to warrant a definite statement being given.

They certainly are a cheerful coterie of gentlemen, the Scheffels & Co. employees that run the mining Financial News.

First our old friend with the jail record, George E. Rice, allows himself to be lowered away into Ely Central ureumun, crative depths, and emerges to rapadize or the green ore sparkling like emeralds. This week a "special writer," J. H. Haley, unlooses a classy narrative he got direct from George Wingfield, who is ill in St. Francis. George tells how Nevada Hills property has "come back." Then Engineer Herzog lectures in Ely Central and tells how development is nearing Nevada Consolidated (a real paying mine) ores. Rawhide Queen and Coalition have merged, and that's about all the hot stuff on the front page. An interesting and lucrative game.

Canadian Flour in China.

POSSIBILITIES for Canadian flour in China is the subject of a special report made to Ottawa by Trade Commissioner J. B. Jackson in China.

The Commissioner points out that Hong Kong took 34,285 barrels of flour from the U.S. in March, and for the nine months ending March 31, 1910, the U.S. flour export volume to China was 629,435 barrels. Little if any wheat is grown in the southern provinces of China, which must import from Shanghai, Hankow, etc., or from foreign countries.

An opportunity presents itself now in China for the development of Canadian flour exports there, particularly as the staple grain foodstuff rice is high.

In this connection the Commissioner reports:

Harvesting in China is now in full progress, and a few days more if the good weather holds will suffice for the ingathering of China's wheat harvest. Rice is the crop of greatest importance here, then cotton, though wheat is a crop of great importance. At the present juncture every bushel means an additional preventive against distress and disturbance. The spring weather was unpropitious, being cold and wet, and as an unusual summer heat (92 degrees in the shade) has developed quite suddenly, it is feared that the ripening process has been rather rapid. Hence it is not considered that the present crop will be at all an average one.

The yield per acre is never large, not more than one-half an average crop in Canada. The shortness of the ear is very marked, possibly caused by the shortness of the real period of growth, and the intense heat during the latter part. There is no selecting of the seed and no farming or manufacturing of the fields in Canada, otherwise the fertile plains of Kiangsu should give a better return. The Chinese farmer might also obtain greater results if he used up-to-date agricultural implements. His ancient plough only tickles the surface and no fresh soil is brought up. A modern plough would cost a great deal more, and more power would be necessary, and these are insurmountable difficulties at present.

This Investment is 100 Per Cent. Safe

IN periods of uninterrupted national prosperity there is a tendency on the part of the average man to allow optimism to influence him to a greater or less extent in making a choice of an investment depository for his money.

With money plentiful, wages high, and the future appearing fair, many a man is prone to relax customary caution and on the prospect of securing large returns, place his money into sources which appear superficially to be sound, but actually are not.

A line representing the past performance of the world's stocks covering forty years back would generally conform to the outline of a mountain chain, first up, then down.

At this day we are in the midst of a valley of depression which has reduced the general list to approximately its intrinsic value. People that, in the past, have been led into making "fair weather" purchases of company shares that are not soundly based, are now forced into an apprehensive mood as to the outcome of the venture.

Such a situation is not one of unmixed evil, for none but the most thoughtless will find the security in his hands worth par yesterday, shrunk thirty per cent. to-day without being forced to the reflection that apart from market conditions, there must be something radically wrong with what he holds. The effect should be educative. His paper loss should teach him that after all there are only two classifications of stocks—the sound and the unsound.

Without doubt the present depression will alienate for all time the capital of many from further participation in stock market speculation, or from investment through stock market channels. Where will they place their money?

No opportunity of the present day offers that is saner or safer than that contained in the Canadian Government Annuities proposition. It is doubtful if the mass of people of this country realize the full scope of the benefits that accrue to them through this recently-established agency.

At the outset it may be objected that once an instalment reaches Ottawa, it is thereafter locked up so far as the depositor is concerned, until such specified time as his annuity becomes payable. Thus there is no current income feature about the idea. This is, of course, correct, but the individual must consider that every cent he lodges in government hands is returned to him finally without depreciation of any nature. His instalments pay to the government absolutely nothing for operation of the annuities branch, for advertising, or for any other purpose. Each account is allowed compound interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, and the depositor secures absolutely free of charge, that which no other investment holds out to him—the certainty that his money is safe.

An examination of this annuities propaganda convinces one of two things: first, that here is an ideal method of conserving one's small surpluses for old age; second, that the Federal Government should apply a percentage of general revenue to the purpose of securing the utmost publicity for the annuities proposition.

Why should not city and suburban newspapers carry semi-occasional standing announcements tersely outlining the scope of this department? This, coupled with the intelligent efforts of a staff of picked agents going from town to town could not fail to result in a great volume of business. The capital of the masses diverted thus to an absolutely legitimate and safe depository, would be removed from the danger of being lost in speculation. The small trader, or farmer, who had formed the habit of sending his dollars to Ottawa, soon after they became available for him to send, would be no easy prey for the agent peddling shares that can only be sold to the ignorant and unsuspecting, and the purchase of which most commonly enriches the agent and the promoter and impairs the capital of the man who considers himself an "investor."

More or less general buying of these annuities must tighten the money market to the sharper, and to an extent circumscribe his illegitimate activities. A large proportion of small savers is an asset to a nation, whereas individual extravagance is more or less of a menace.

S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Canadian Government Annuities, is constantly engaged in securing publicity for the annuities system. In a booklet just received the matter is therein treated of most fully and clearly.

Any man, woman or child domiciled in Canada may secure an annuity.

Deposits may be made in the Post Office Savings Bank or Money Order Office, or may be remitted direct to the Department at Ottawa.

The annuity cannot be seized for debt of any kind, and it cannot be forfeited.

An annuity of not less than \$50, or not more than \$800 may be provided for.

Except for invalidity or disabement, no annuity is payable before age 55.

Twenty-five cents a week, up to twenty or more dollars a week may be paid in.

Payments may be made weekly, monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly, the cost—unlike insurance companies—being no greater for split payments.

One may start with a lump sum and continue with periodical payments, which to buy a stated annuity would be less than if no lump sum had been paid.

A lump sum will be accepted so that a man of 40, say, who wants an annuity in 20 years' time can begin as if he were only 20 years of age. The lump sum would be the equivalent of the instalments he would have paid if he had started at 20 years of age.

Annuities may be bought outright, for a stated sum, for one's wife, or a child, the payment reverting to the depositor should the annuitant die meanwhile.

There are no lapses or penalties.

You get your money back in any case. If your total deposit won't buy the smallest annuity, the money reverts to you.

You don't have to sue to get it.

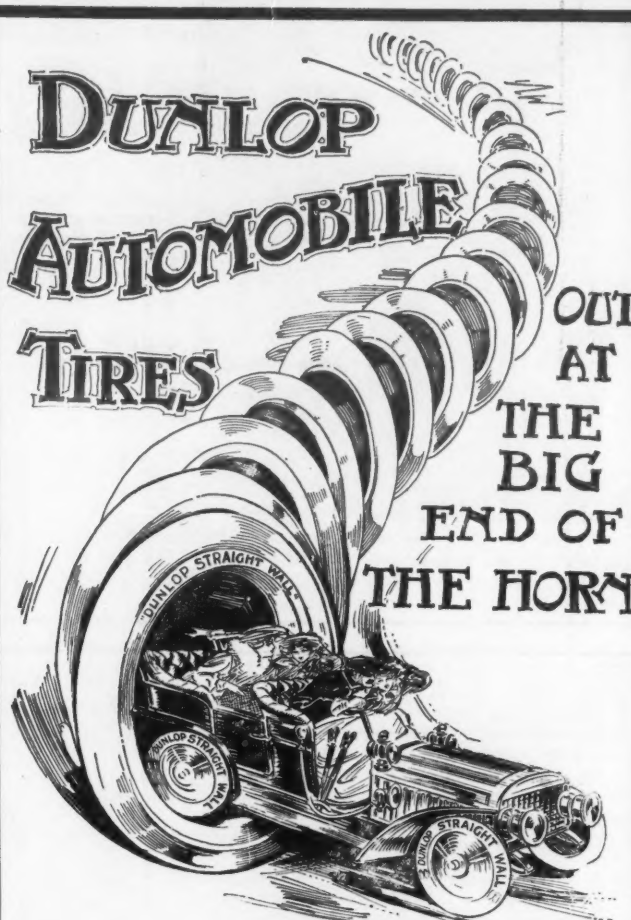
Payments on an annuity go to your heirs, should you die.

No medical examination is required.

As one instance of the workings of the annuity system, a man beginning at age 20, and paying 25 cents a week until he is 60, will then receive a life annuity of \$129.51.

Send to Ottawa for a booklet.

The half-yearly report issued by the Crown Reserve Mining Company shows net profits of \$568,564, and after the dividend expenditure of \$530,644, a surplus of \$37,919. The general surplus account now totals \$587,195.



The Dunlop "Straight Wall" Type of Tire is the Automobile Tire You'll Appreciate

Cannot rim cut.
Fits any Universal rim.
Affords increased air capacity.
Cannot cement itself to the rim.
Ready detachability under all conditions.

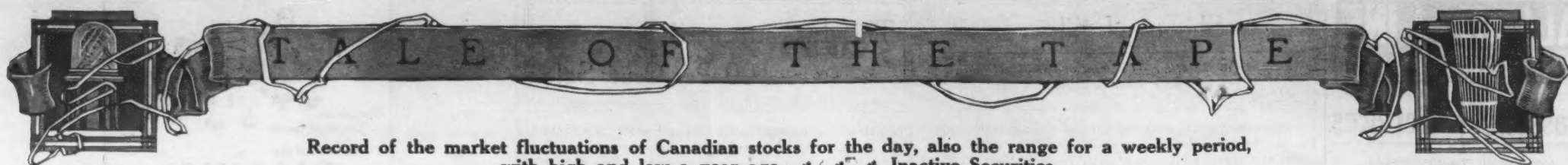
This type of tire is also variously called "Straight Side," "Straight Beads," "Non-Clinch," and "Universal Detachable." In its method of attachment to the rim it is identical with the Dunlop Perfected Detachable Automobile Tire, introduced in Canada by the Dunlop Company in 1905.

The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co. LIMITED

Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver,
Victoria, St. John, N.B., London, Ont.,
Calgary, Alta.

WE HAVE MOVED TO OUR NEW OFFICE 28 King St. West THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED





Record of the market fluctuations of Canadian stocks for the day, also the range for a weekly period, with high and low a year ago. Inactive Securities

Par Value	Outstanding Common Stock	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909				Closing year ago July 20		Wednesday, July 20		Range for week ending July 20 in market of activity			
								High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales
100	150,000,000	181,026,798	34,998,633	3,244,539	1st April	s. 3+1	TRANSPORTATION	180	142	189	Oct.	166	Mar.	187	187	186	185	189	184	185	1175
100	12,500,000	24,903,000	24,903,000	24,903,000	1st July	q. 1	Canadian Pacific Railway	55	31	71	Aug.	55	Jan.	65	65	45	44	44	42	42	250
100	12,000,000	10,000,000	20,000,000	20,000,000	1st July	q. 1	Duluth, Minn.	18	9	20	Jan.	14	Oct.	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
100	3,500,000	1,500,000	2,500,000	2,500,000	1st July	q. 1	Duluth Superior Traction Co., com.	107	95	124	Sept.	106	Jan.	115	113	124	124	121	121	121	406
100	1,400,000	600,000	600,000	600,000	1st July	q. 1	Halifax Electric	39	20	103	Dec.	39	Jan.	90	89	90	89	90	89	90	200
100	7,463,703	5,000,000	8,027,731	1,024,465	15th May	q. 1	Havana Electric	86	68	99	Dec.	83	Jan.	90	89	90	89	90	89	90	202
100	7,463,703	5,000,000	8,027,731	1,024,465	15th May	q. 1	Havana Electric, preferred	95	79	108	Dec.	95	Jan.	96	96	90	89	90	89	90	202
100	7,594,500	4,552,600	24,956,813	24,956,813	1st July	q. 1	Illinois Traction, preferred	139	68	146	May	122	Dec.	143	142	124	123	123	123	124	2098
100	15,000,000	3,073,400	3,073,400	3,073,400	1st May	q. 1	Mexico North Western Railway	135	80	148	Jan.	134	Nov.	143	142	124	123	123	123	124	1182
100	11,454,700	15,158,333	371,350	7,239,851	15th April	s. 3	Minn. St. P. & Sault Ste. Marie	204	170	223	Dec.	203	Jan.	217	217	224	223	223	223	223	1
100	16,800,000	8,400,000	56,895,000	56,895,000	1st May	q. 2	Montreal Street	105	83	123	Dec.	97	Jan.	113	110	110	108	109	109	109	1
100	10,000,000	4,426,034	4,426,034	4,426,034	30th Jan.	a. 8	Northern Navigat on	21	15	36	Dec.	24	Feb.	26	25	37	37	37	37	37	550
100	3,000,000	2,941,500	2,941,500	2,941,500	15th Sept.	s. 1	Porto Rico Railways Co., com.	39	39	52	April	35	Dec.	43	40	48	47	48	46	48	2817
100	9,500,000	2,500,000	2,500,000	2,500,000	1st June	q. 1	Quebec Railway L. & P. Co., com.	78	62	94	Dec.	77	Jan.	83	82	79	78	78	78	78	115
100	3,132,000	1,183,573	378,700	1,707,935	1st June	q. 1	Richelleu and Ontario	81	29	103	May	79	Jan.	89	87	92	91	92	90	91	1032
100	31,250,000	40,336,326	1,707,935	1,707,935	1st Jan.	a. 8	Rio de Janeiro	156	110	161	Nov.	142	Aug.	115	115	140	141	140	141	141	134
100	800,000	6,000,000	2,597,507	1,691,186	1st July	q. 2	St. Law. & Chi. Steam Nav. Co.	109	94	130	Dec.	107	Jan.	126	126	115	113	117	114	115	561
100	10,000,000	13,257,000	3,998,327	2,968,500	1st July	q. 1	Sao Paulo Tramway L. & P. Co.	85	69	93	Oct.	84	Jan.	90	90	108	107	108	107	107	777
100	8,000,000	2,826,200	8,033,000	8,033,000	1st July	q. 1	Tri-City, preferred	97	78	116	Dec.	96	Jan.	105	105	108	107	108	107	107	7
100	9,000,000	3,000,000	19,503,000	814,903	1st May	q. 1	Twin City, Common	171	124	190	June	156	Jan.	185	185	180	178	178	178	178	5
100	6,000,000	6,468,000	861,430	861,430	1st July	q. 2	Winnipeg Electric	143	119	150	April	138	Jan.	146	145	143	143	143	143	143	115
100	12,500,000	3,646,000	2,275,000	2,275,000	15th April	q. 2	TELEGRAPH, LIGHT AND POWER	200	182	207	April	195	Jan.	204	204	199	199	199	199	199	105
100	3,500,000	2,442,420	2,442,420	2,442,420	1st July	q. 2	Bell Telephone	77	52	95	Nov.	69	Jan.	74	73	74	72	73	73	73	25
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	903,766	903,766	1st	q. 1	Consumers Gas	71	59	89	Sept.	69	Jan.	74	73	74	72	73	73	73	178
100	41,380,400	50,000,000	903,766	903,766	1st	q. 1	Mackay, common	108	99	107	Jan.	103	April	108	107	108	107	108	107	107	7
100	13,585,000	2,400,000	12,000,000	12,000,000	1st May	s. 3	Mackay, preferred	113	85	136	Dec.	109	Mar.	127	127	128	128	130	127	128	770
100	17,000,000	10,107,000	2,042,561	2,042,561	15th May	q. 1	Mexican Light and Power Co., com.	135	110	135	Jan.	114	May	105	90	100	93	95	94	94	225
100	1,520,300	7,900,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	31st Mar.	q. 1	Montreal Power	143	119	150	April	138	Jan.	146	145	143	143	143	143	143	115
100	7,000,000	7,900,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	20th July	q. 1	Ottawa Light, Heat & Power Co.	81	55	103	Dec.	85	Jan.	95	90	100	93	95	94	94	225
100	4,000,000	1,000,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	1st	q. 2	Shawinigan Water and Power Co.	135	110	135	Jan.	114	May	105	90	100	93	95	94	94	225
100	4,000,000	1,000,000	1,036,788	1,036,788	1st	q. 2	Toronto Electric Light	135	110	135	Jan.	114	May	105	90	100	93	95	94	94	225

Par Value	Capital Stock Outstanding	Reserve Fund	Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909				Closing year ago July 20		Wednesday, July 20		Range for week ending July 20 in market of activity			
							High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales
243	4,860,666	2,530,666	294,653	8th April	3+1	BANKS	147	141	155	Mar.	148	Feb.	155	155	146	146	205	201	205	81
50	10,000,000	8,000,000	722,139	1st June	q. 2	British North America	171	155	201	Dec.	171	Jan.	185	185	205	205	205	205	205	5
100	4,000,000	5,000,000	295,766	1st July	q. 2	Commerce	246	216	248	Aug.	236	April	240	240	237	237	237	237	237	5
100	3,000,000	2,100,000	148,841	1st	q. 2	Eastern Townships	150	148	165	Dec.	155	Jan.	163	163	162	161	160	160	160	1
100	2,601,200	2,601,200	403,665	1st June	q. 2	Hamilton	205	185	206	Dec.	199	Jan.	204	204	198	198	198	198	198	3
100	2,500,000	2,300,000	23,812	1st	q. 2	Hochelaga	150	133	148	Sept.	140	Jan.	145	145	143	143	143	143	143	1
100	5,301,804	5,301,804	696,135	1st May	q. 2	Imperial	234	209	234	Jan.	225	Nov.	221	221	221	221	221	221	221	43
100	6,000,000	4,500,000	102,157	1st June	q. 2	Merchants	166	151	170	Dec.	160	Jan.	164	163	174	178	178	178	178	99
100	1,000,000	1,000,000	367,809	1st July	q. 2	Metropolitan	207	188	211	Jan.	199	Sept.	201	201	204	204	204	204	204	10
100	3,500,000	3,850,000	257,786	1st	q. 2	Molson's	250	228	254	Aug.	245	Jan.	240	240	247	247	247	247	247	7
100	14,400,000	12,000,000	681,561	1st June	q. 2	Montreal	120	120	120	Jan.	120	Jan.	120	120	120	120	120	120	120	1
100	2,000,000	1,200,000	26,014	1st May	q. 1	National	286	274	285	May	273	Oct.	282	274	282	274	282	274	282	4
100	1,777,880	1,377,540	26,266	1st July	q. 3	New Brunswick	286	274	285	Jan.	276	Dec.	282	274	282	274	282	274	282	4
100	3,000,000	5,500,000	44,865	1st	q. 2	Nova Scotia	286	274	285	Jan.	276	Dec.	282	274	282	274	282	274	282	4
100	3,437,670	3,437,670	455,919	1st June	q. 2	Ottawa	286	274	285	Jan.	276	Dec.	282	274	282	274	282	274	282	4
100	2,500,000	1,250,000	39,671	1st	q. 2	Quebec	135	120	126	June	122	Jan.	124	124	122	122	122	122	122	11
100	5,000,000	5,700,000	228,393	1st July	q. 2	Royal	233	213	233	June	212	Feb.	230	230	240	240	240	240	240	214
50	2,000,000	2,400,000	54,074	1st May	q. 3	Standard	232	213	241	Jan.	224	April	228	228	228	228	228	228	228	2
100	4,000,000	4,750,000	68,871	1st June	q. 2	Toronto	221	201	227	Jan.	215	July	220	215	215	215	215	215	215	68
100	4,354,500	2,200,000	102,443	1st July	q. 2	Traders	137	122	148	Dec.	136	Jan.	140	139	144	144	144	144	144	68
100	3,244,800	1,900,000	28,676	1st June	q. 1	Union	134	121	140	Dec.	130	July	130	130	130	130	130	130	130	68

Par Value	Outstanding Common	Outstanding Preferred	Bonds and Debentures	Res. Funds Profit and Loss	Last Dividend Date	Per cent.	STOCK	Range for year 1908		Range for twelve months, 1909			Closing year ago July 20		Wednesday, July 20		Range for week ending July 20 in market of activity				
								High	Low	High	Date	Low	Date	Ask	Bid	Ask	Bid	High	Low	Last	Sales
INDUSTRIALS AND MISCELLANEOUS																					
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	1st July	q. 1	Amal. Asbestos Corp., com.	31	Oct.	27	Dec.	16	16	16	16	355	
100	8,125,000	1,875,000	7,500,000	7,500,000	1st July	q. 1	Amal. Asbestos Corp., pref.	91	Oct.	89	Dec.	79	79	75	75	225	
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	510,000	1st July	q. 1	Black Lake Cons. Asbestos, com.	23	Dec.	21	Dec.	27	27	27	27	100	
100	3,000,000	1,000,000	510,000	510,000	1st July	q. 1	Black Lake Cons. Asbestos, pref.	67	Dec.	62	Dec.	66	66	66	66	200	
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	63,588	1st July	q. 1	F. N. Burt Company, com.	59	Dec.	53	Oct.	75	76	75	75	28	
100	750,000	750,000	49,000	63,588	1st July	q. 1	F. N. Burt Company, pref.	93	Dec.	91	Oct.	100	101	101	101	9	
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	756,940	1st July	q. 1	Canadian Car & Foundry, com.	
100	3,500,000	5,000,000	3,500,000	756,940	1st July	q. 1	Canadian Car & Foundry, pref.	
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	75,296	15th July	q. 1	Canada Cement, com.	17	17	20	17	171	
100	13,500,000	10,500,000	5,000,000	75,296	15th July	q. 1	Canada Cement, pref.	81	81	83	81	133	
10	6,000,000	13,713,927	3,306,001	1st July	q. 2	Canada Permanent, com.	145	111	163	April	140	Jan.	159	164	167	164	164	611	
100	2,796,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	1st July	q. 1	Can. Consolidated Rubber, com.	23	20	106	Sept.	27	Jan.	123	123	
100	2,796,695	1,959,455	2,541,300	76,700	1st July	q. 1	Can. Consolidated Rubber, pref.	85	85	125	July	83	Jan.	120	117	101	101	100	105	
100	4,700,000	2,000,000	267,568	1,829,000	1st July	q. 1	Canadian General Electric, com.	108	83	123	July	101	Jan.	101	101	100	101	105	
100	4,700,000	2,000,000	267,568	1,829,000	1st July	q. 1	Canadian General Electric, pref.	108	83	123	July	101	Jan.	101	101	100	101	105	
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	1st July	s. 1	City Dairy, common	20	15	35	May	15	Jan.	28	33	39	39	39	25	
100	565,000	408,910	54,396	71,971	1st July	s. 1	City Dairy, preferred	87	82	102	Oct.	85	Jan.	92	99	99	99	99	25	
100	1,768,814	3,000,000	6,492,648	496,234	1st July	q. 1	Crown Reserve	2	100	198	6	Oct.	2	Jan.	355	350	2	260	270	6052	
100	15,000,000	3,000,000	6,492,648	496,234	1st July	q. 1	Dominion Coal	60	37	93	Nov	43	Feb.	75	75	2	260	270	25	2	
100	15,000,000	3,000,000	6,492,648	496,234	1st May	s. 3	Dominion Coal, preferred	103	85	120	Nov.	96	Feb.	115	111	108	110	110	11	
100	20,000,000	5,000,000	13,271,510	2,414,120	1st July	q. 1	Dominion Steel and Coal Corp.	75	44	138	Nov.	69	Jan.	129	129	102	101	102	100	3	
100	5,000,000	1,859,030	6,451,058	565,780	1st July	q. 1	Dominion Steel, preferred	67	40	79	Sept.	57	Mar.	74	73	64	64	67	65	275	
100	5,000,000	1,859,030	6,451,058	565,780	15th April	q. 1	Dominion Textile, common	107	78	110	June	95	Feb.	107	107	101	100	101	101	13	
100	40,000,000	12,000,000	522,178	522,178	1st July	q. 1	" " preferred	107	78	110	June	95	Feb.	107	107	101	100	101	101	13	
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,284,395	1st June	q. 1	Lake Superior Corporation	98	71	145	Oct.	97	Jan.	128	127	125	123	125	123	130	
100	2,100,000	1,500,000	1,000,000	1,284,395	1st June	q. 1	Lake of Woods Milling	119	103	128	Sept.	118	Jan.	128	123	125	123	125	123	130	
5	7,488,145	421,482	527,783	10th July	q. 2	" " preferred	119	103	128	Sept.	118	Jan.	128	123	125	123	125	123	130	
100	1,600,000	978,966	527,783	1st July	q. 1	La Rose Cons. Mines Co.	7	12	6.25	8.47	Aug.	4.20	Nov.	8.45	8.43	4.08	
100	1,600,000	978,966	527,783	1st July	q. 1	Laurentide, common	112	93	130	Sept.	112	Jan.	126	135	131	135	135	134	
100	1,600,000	978,966	527,783	1st July	q. 1	Laurentide, pref.	116	101	131	Dec.	112	Jan.	87	82	105	105	105	41	
105	700,000	800,000	393,596	393,596	8th July	s. 3	Montreal Steel	83	57	105	Dec.	68	April	105	105	105	41	
5	6,000,000	800,000	393,596	393,596	8th July	s. 3	Montreal Steel, pref.	105	92	117	Dec.	104	April	105	105	105	41	
100	6,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	930,167	30th April	q. 5 + 2	Nipissing Mines Co.	12	41	87	Nov.	54	Mar.	69	67	85	84	86	79	226	
100	6,000,000	1,030,000	4,500,000	930,167	30th April	q. 5 + 2	Nova Scotia Steel, common	115	108	122	Dec.	114	Jan.	128	127	127	124	127	127	30	
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,317	1st June	q. 2	Ogilvie Flour	116	101	144	Dec.	112	Mar.	128	127	127	124	127	127	30	
100	2,500,000	2,000,000	1,750,000	723,317	1st June	q. 2	Ogilvie Flour, pref.	116	101	144	Dec.	112	Mar.	128	127	127	124	127	127	30	
100	2,150,000	1,075,000	2,000,000	602,005	15th May	q. 1	Penmans, Limited, common	50	29	66	July	42	Feb.	56	55	57	55	57	56	125	
100	2,150,000	1,075,000	2,000,000	602,005	1st May	q. 1	Penmans, Limited, pref.	85	72	93	May	84	Oct.	89	
100	937,500	900,000	685,690	685,690	1st July	q. 2	William A. Rogers, Ltd., common	152	Dec.	101	Mar.	120	165	
100	937,500	900,000	685,690	685,690	1st July	q. 2	William A. Rogers, Ltd., pref.	111	Mar.	97	Mar.	103	108	107	107	4	
100	8,750,000	1,250,000	656,950	656,950	1st July	q. 1	Shredded Wheat, common	32	30	43	Dec.	29	April	37	45	
100	8,750,000	1,250,000	656,950	656,950	1st July	q. 1	Shredded Wheat, pref.	99	94	97	Jan.	97	Jan.	97	
100	1,000,000	151,303	151,303	15th Dec	q. 1	Tretheway Cobalt Mine	80	47	104	Feb.	129	June	140	135	128	125	127	116	800	

Chevalier MASTER OF MAKE-UP

By James P. Haverson.

AS he leaned over a basin of warm water set on a common kitchen chair and scrubbed vigorously to remove the grease paint from his shining countenance, the short stout man talked absorbingly of his work, not boastfully, but because you had asked of it and wanted to hear of it and because he believed that you would understand and because, after thousands of repetitions he is still vitally interested in the minutest detail of his work. You have become so used to a straining after effect in the converse of the celebrity when talking to the purveyor of publicity that, at first, Chevalier's naturalness seems unnatural but gradually you fall under the charm of the simple gentleman whose art is just that simplicity.

At first it seems a strange thing that this man, neither old nor young, a trifle short, a little stout, a little bald and wholly natural, should be he who has been drawing the tribute of real tears and hearty laughter from thousands of the work-a-day world as a tribute to his art as he portrays, in turn, the exquisite pathos of "My Old Dutch," "A Fallen Star," "The Workhouse Man," and jumps to the irresistible drollery of the exultant coster in "I've Got 'Er 'At."

As he talks of his work his eyes follow you closely to see that you are following him while they and all the rest of his face are helping you to understand all that he would tell you. When he comes to describe some nicety of stage effect or some fine weight of feeling his hand will touch your sleeve. He is almost pleading that you shall not miss his point and when you have seen it, and he sees that you have before you can tell him so, a glad light shines from his eyes which is almost childlike in its sincerity.

This extraordinarily ordinary genius of the natural exercises scarcely a tithe of his gifts as an entertainer upon the stage. At least in this country where his visits have been few and short, we have little idea of the scope of his art. Here he is known, in fact his name is synonymous with that of the coster. Coster—Chevalier; Chevalier—coster. But his theatrical career has extended over a wide field of character and comedy work and his personal interests have fared even further afield.

There is something delightfully human about everything that Chevalier does and has done. Take the birth of what is perhaps his most widely known and best-loved song, "My Old Dutch." These words, he will tell you, were written under a lamp-post while he was lost in a murky London fog.

It was this way. He was strolling home one night, twenty years ago, and had been humming the refrain of an old Irish ditty, "Are Ye there Finnegan." He did not remember this at the time but recognized the air later. To this weirdly comic accompaniment he unthinkingly pieced the words of the chorus which, reset and embellished with his wonderful make-up and expression, have brought tears to many thousand eyes. Suddenly he pulled up to the dual realization that he was lost and singing a brand new song.

He found a policeman who put him on the right track for his lodgings but the words wed to the incongruous air still clung in his memory and he suddenly awoke to their tremendously human touch. He hastened to the nearest lamp-post and there, alone in the London drizzle, on a stray piece of paper culled from the miscellaneous contents of his pockets, he scribbled the first verse of "My Old Dutch."

He was as much in love with it as we have all come to be since and when, next evening he visited the theatre where he was appearing, he buttonholed the manager and drawing him into a corner of the stage, sang him the song. The manager, too, came under the spell and the song was taken home to the brother who has written nearly all Chevalier's music. Working under the inspiration of the words, he produced the beautiful melody to which they have long been wed and the song was sung. It met with instantaneous recognition. That was not all, as Chevalier was leaving the theatre, the cabby who had driven him to and from the theatre for years and who had awaited him in the wings said to him:

"Wot was the name of that new song?"

"My Old Dutch," replied the happy father of half the latest success.

"My word, but that's strange," replied the jehu,



1.—Pantaloen.
2.—The Workhouse Man.
3.—Wot wur do ee luv ol?
4.—The Coster.
5.—My Old Dutch.
6.—The Fallen Star.

"That's wot I've been acallin' this ere hold 'orse these many years."

There is the story of Chevalier's most famous song. The story of the creation of "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins," of which Chevalier wrote both words and music is also interesting. He had been sitting at the piano, "just strumming," as he puts it. At last, the "strumming" took direction and the result was the air of this equally human and almost equally popular ditty. He left the piano but the music still stuck in his head. He couldn't shake it out or forget it and it worried him for days as such things will.

"I had to write words for it to get it decently laid away," he says. "And then it struck me that it might stick to others as it had to me so I tried it on the public."

You and I know how true was his diagnosis of the case.

This is the strong feature of Chevalier's work, the sudden transition from laughter to tears and back again to laughter. Speaking of his wonderful song-recitation, "The Fallen Star," in which he gives a soliloquy of a broken-down actor of the old school, he said:

"I like to get a laugh when I come on in that piece. I like to hear them chuckling for then I know that the success is all the greater if I can move them from a humorous and scornful contempt for the bumptious old loafer to a real and understanding pity for the genuine tragedy of his degradation."

When he talks of the coster, you would gladly listen

any long night through. He has costers divided into three well-defined classes. There is the husky voiced customer with what his prophet describes as a "rum-and-fog voice," then there is the whining coster with a sort of nasal grieving tone and then just the common or market-garden and somewhat tough coster. Of all of these he has a wealth of stories to tell. Here is one, not of the coster, but of another English type:

He was out fishing one day. His companion was an old fisherman and the place England. It was during the Spanish-American war.



"What do you think of this war?" Chevalier asked, casting for dormant humor in the absence of fish.

"Aw, I don't think much of it at all," was the laconic rejoinder.

He cast again: "What do you really think?"

"Well, I'll tell yer," replied the aged salt, "when they used to take their pikes an' halibuts an' go heverlastin'ly at it—that was war. Now, they takes a bloomin' bum, fills it with lenoleum and blows em to blazes an' calls that fitin'." The denunciation closed with a grunt of disgust.

This is the kind of tale he has to tell and a wealth of just such amusing little snap shots of the lives and minds of lowly English types decorate his conversation all dressed with the marvelous art of mimicry and insight which are his to command.

Chevalier has been much imitated, well and ill. Here is his story about that:

A stage hand came to me a few weeks ago, and said: "I hope you are goin' to do 'My Old Dutch' because there was a feller here two weeks ago that done it pretty fine." After the Monday afternoon performance I asked the stage hand how he liked it the way I did it, and he admitted that it was pretty fair. "Did the other chap do an imitation of it?" I asked. He hesitated. "He did, an' he didn't," replied the scene-shifter. He said it was an imitation, but he done it his own way."

So his talk runs on, until the dingy little dressing-room becomes cosy and comfortable with the warmth and cheer of his wit and welcome. The sanctums of genius are, as a rule, and more's the pity, like to the high places of the earth, cold, aloof and repellent, not so Albert Chevalier, artist and gentleman.

Self Photography.

"With a new portrait of Mr. Shaw, photographed by himself."—From a Publisher's Advertisement.

THE famous playwright entered the famous photographer's room, and, standing before a mirror, began to chat with him.

"I am beginning to think it is time for me to have another portrait taken," he said.

"I certainly think so," said the photographer. "Some of the public would like it, and the rest ought to like it; and you know as well as I do that it pays to give the public what it wants and what it ought to want."

"There is nothing in the world that accomplishes that end so successfully as Shaw. Whether on the platform or on the stage, or on the printed page, give them Shaw; and when they're tired of listening to Shaw and reading Shaw, let them look at Shaw."

"But I do not like to think they are weary of listening to and reading me," said the famous author-dramatist.

"Anyhow, it won't do any harm to get out a new portrait for them to look at. And, by Mephistopheles! it is a face worth looking at,"—and the famous photographer gazed admiringly at his *vis-a-vis*, turning his head and moving his position to catch different aspects of his features. "My boy" (it should be explained that the photographer was on the best of terms with the playwright) "it is a face in ten millions. Let me photograph it! A splendid idea—a great man photographed by a great man! Won't that fetch the Shavians?"

The dramatist smiled at the notion, then briskly assented, helping with the camera.

"Now, I wonder whether it would be best, for once, to assume a natural pose," mused the eminent photographer.

"No; on the whole, I think an unnatural one suits me, and will please the Shavians better," was the opinion of the other.

The camera was ready. The distinguished playwright was again before the mirror practising varieties of facial expression. "Please look as unpleasant as possible," was the injunction of the photographer; and when an expression suitably weird was found, the popular author hurried to the chair before the strange light in his eye died away.

The ball was pressed, the pneumatic shutter did its work, and the great author-dramatist shook hands with himself—I mean with the photographer—congratulating him on the achievement of another scoop.—Punch.

Mark Twain and Pett Ridge.

A NUMBER of English men of letters pass judgment on Mark Twain in the June Bookman—Jerome K. Jerome, Barry Pain, J. J. Bell, and others. Arnold Bennett pronounces him "a divine amateur." E. V. Lucas, who met him at a Punch dinner, was surprised by "the almost tremulous gentleness of his expression," which he rightly ascribed to "age and bereavement." Pett Ridge was thus presented to him: "This is Mr. Pett Ridge, well known as the Mark Twain of London." The younger man saved the day by saying: "He didn't mean that. What he intended to say was that you were the Pett Ridge of America." The two humorists got on famously together.



One Point of View

I HAVE received the following letter from a Hamilton correspondent who in no uncertain terms advocates her own point of view on certain questions, including that of coaxing men to church by relaxing some of the rules which they now find irksome. She says:

"I follow with interest your comment under the heading of 'One Point of View,' but sincerely hope your suggestion on the enforcement of male attendance at church during the hot weather may not be accepted as the only point of view.

"Surely men in America lack enough good form without the baiting of another unconventional hook to catch them on. You say men of to-day snatch at any excuse to remain away from church—then do you suppose that the putting aside of the conventional silk hat, and sartorial equipment of the frock coat, will cause this privileged beast greater religious inclinations and tend to bring a larger attendance to the summer congregations?

"No indeed! For my part I would rather find my church without a single masculine supporter than have the place filled with men wearing soft collars and negligee-shirts as you suggest.

"Would the minister be exempt from the acceptance of this new custom? And were he to accept it—what then?

"In the first place among the things learned at church is self-control, and your idea in voicing this movement is to save poor unfortunate and uncomfortable man from the self-control that helps him to forget his vile body long enough to allow the meeting of a collar. Why shouldn't it melt, in fact everything he has on for that matter? Is not the man in front of him fulfilling his duty attired in a conventional (the only manner) manner.

"Heaven forbid that any such suggestion will ever take hold in a country like America—America a place so void of class difference and proper form—where at dinner in the best circles we find men bravely putting aside conventionalities and attired in such a manner as to withhold any claim whatever to the slightest knowledge of *savoir faire*.

"Had I run across this movement in the Chicago or New York American, it would not have surprised me, but I beg of you not to taint our northern country, a true daughter of Great Britain, with any such heat pardoning method only belonging by right to a southern country. Surely the proximity of the United States will bring us the 'shirtwaist god' soon enough. Don't hurry him. We Canadians must have time to consider just how we shall accept this new man other than in the golf links.

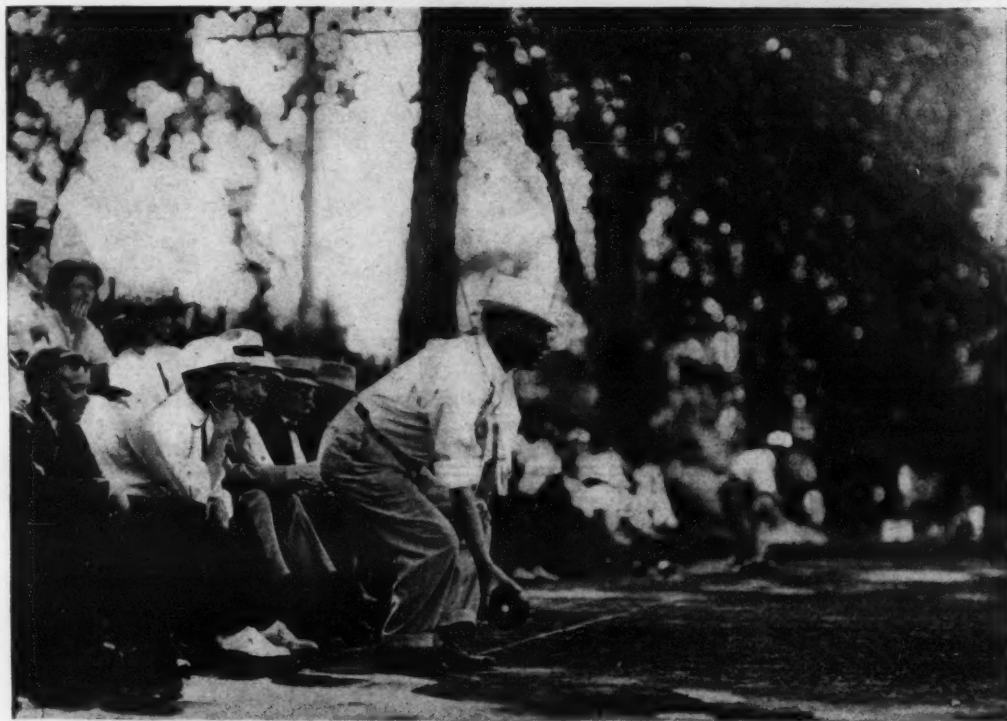
"Hoping that you will understand how keenly I feel the promotion of such an idea so hopelessly indulgent in such a young country. Sincerely yours—INTERESTED."

I don't know whether I am old-fashioned or up-to-date, but it never occurred to me that religion and clothes had much in common. Many a stirring exhortation has been delivered by a man who did not wear the conventional clerical attire, and many a God-fearing and devout congregation has been made up of Canadians who hadn't a frock coat among them. Perhaps I am wrong, but I cannot recollect at the present moment anything tending to confirm a belief that the early Christians put on their best clothes before they met together to worship. Clothes do not make the man either in church or at the dinner table. Is it necessary to point out that a man may be devout or brilliant as occasion demands and yet not wear a fashionable collar? I am tempted to believe that "Interested" has a grouse against the sex in general. Men are only boys of a bigger growth and not the selfish monsters she imagines. It would take too long to discuss the point raised in connection with a man's lack of a dinner coat in Canada. I can only say that in the circles where dinner coats are to be expected in a young country, I have always found them, but I have not ex-

pected the impossible when I had the good fortune to share a meal where they were not in vogue.

When all's said and done I still believe that the first thing to do is to get a man to church; then if the preacher makes it worth his while the chances are he will go again. I don't say I am right, but if "Interested" is correct in her view of the case, and I felt about the matter as she does, I would expect that children should be taught to put on their best frocks and finest ribbons when about to say 'their evening prayers, and not as now, murmur them at their mothers' knees, clad in their little "nighties" and ready for bed. Carrying the application still further, it would be incumbent upon us to wear our newest garments when we are engaged in our devotions. Surely this is all wrong, and it is the inward, not the outward man, that counts when one prays alone or when "two or three are gathered together in His Name."

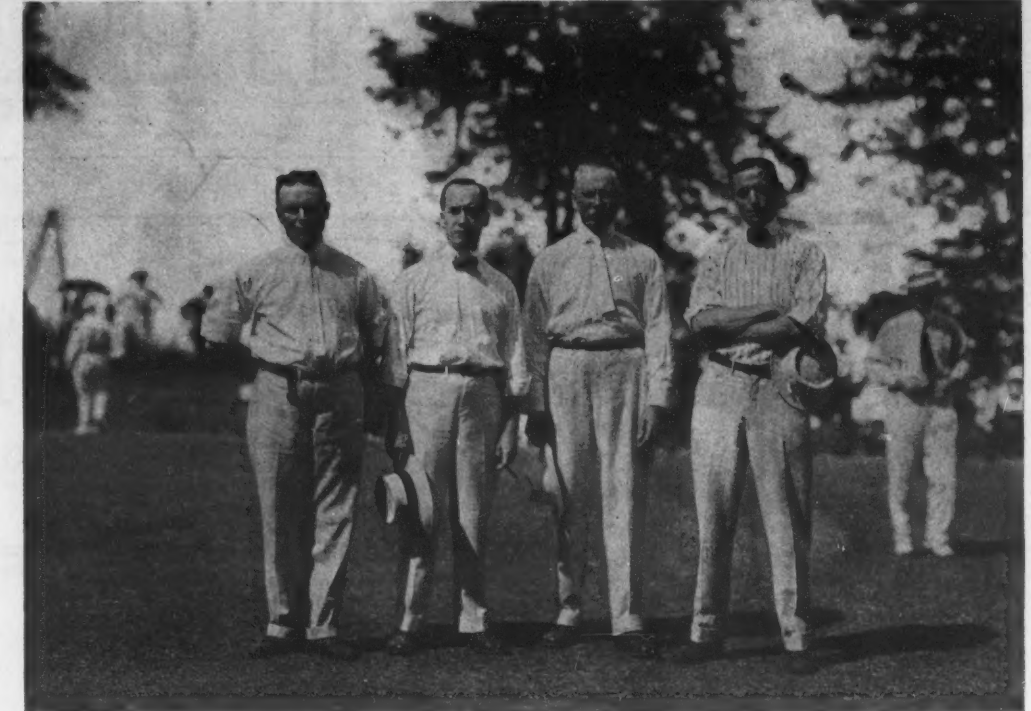
A RECENT writer in defending the "advanced" woman of the day points with pride to the fact that the more "advanced" woman becomes the more feminine are her clothes. It is said that the day of the "mannish" woman is gone for ever and that no longer will one see young women so "tailored" that they look like their own brothers. The writer says—what is evidently believed to be the last word on the subject—that women are becom-



O. B. A. TOURNAMENT AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE. Mr. C. Abbott, skip of the victorious London Thistles, just as he was about to make one of the shots that helped so greatly to win the Trophy Match for his team.

ing less masculine as they become more alive to the rights of which they are deprived, and that the costumes worn by the women of to-day are far more in accord with a thoroughly feminine outlook than were the bowler hats, stiff shirt fronts and stand-up collars that formed part of so many women's dresses a few years ago.

There is such a thing as leaping from the frying pan into the fire, and although I am no advocate of the masculine looking woman, I must admit that I would prefer to see the members of my sex clad in simple tailored clothes, even if they did verge upon the masculine, rather than have them appear in the "hobble" skirts, the



O. B. A. TOURNAMENT AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE. The London Thistles, winners of the Trophy Match. Reading from left to right, the members of the team are: C. Abbott, skip, Dr. A. Scott, Dr. C. Brown, and J. Marr.

monstrous hats, and the high-heeled shoes they affect at present. If such clothes as fashion just now decrees to be "the thing" make for freedom of mind, they certainly do not for freedom of body. The restrictions of the thin shoes, quaint skirts and low necked bodices of other days are said to have had much to do with the lack of energy of the early Victorian women. Sartorially considered "the ties that bind" may become just as fatal in this day and generation as they did when grandmama was young. Somebody will soon be discovering that the fashion de-

makes the best of a bad bargain by making what use of him she can.

SOME people seem to look for trouble. A correspondent who signs herself "Mother of Ten" and who evidently belongs to what might be termed the "kicking brigade," has written to me to denounce the "shocking clothes girls wear nowadays," and adds "false hair and bare arms were not considered a part of ordinary street attire when I was a girl."

"Mother of Ten" in the course of her letter goes on to explain that seven of her little brood are daughters, and she laments bitterly that because they are "nice instead of pretty" they fail to win admiration while other girls with half their good qualities get married without any difficulty.

In marrying off daughters there are several things to be considered in addition to the girls themselves. In the first place the mother counts largely, and if she is pleasant and charming and tactful and a delightful hostess, she will be of more assistance than anything else in settling her girls in homes of their own. The surroundings of a girl are also of considerable importance, and if she seems happy and contented and is to be found in a pleasant environment another great difficulty is overcome in the work of "placing" her for life.

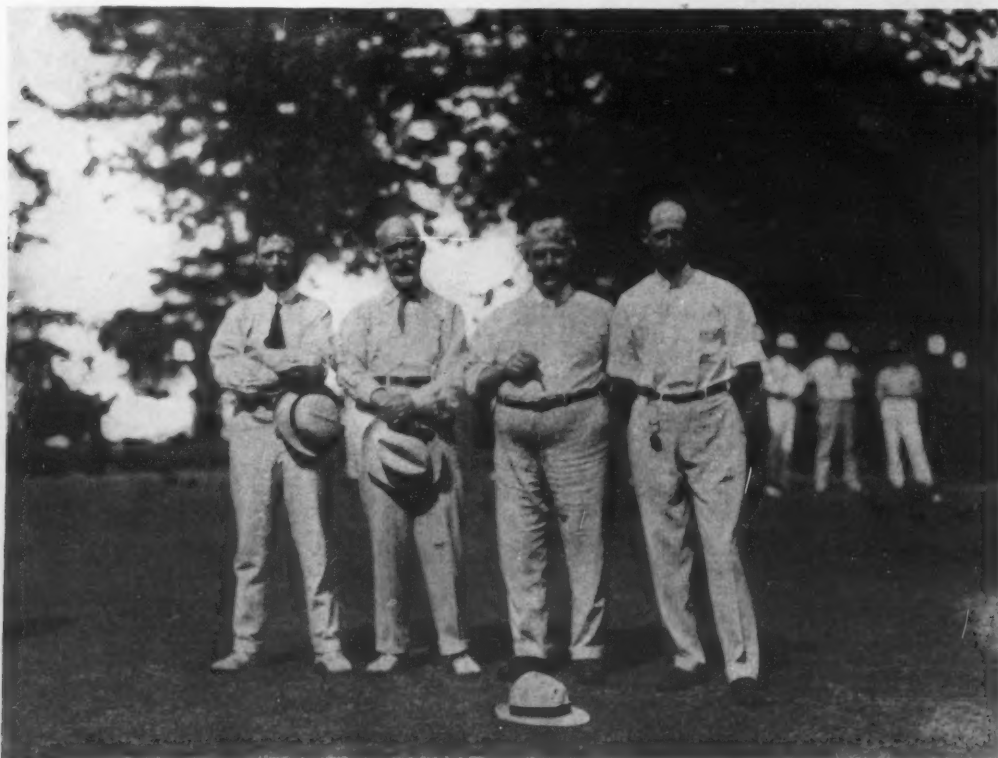
"Mother of Ten" seems to lay the fact of her daughters' single blessedness to her refusal to allow them to wear "peek-a-boo" blouses, low cut frocks and "other unmaidenly things." Modesty never yet spoiled a girl's chances in life; on the contrary it usually helps to make her appreciated. "Mother of Ten" must find some other reason for their unpopularity, and the best way to do so is to try, for even one brief moment, to see how she herself, as well as her daughters, must appear in the eyes of others. Do they gossip? Are they neat? Are their manners all that could be desired or are their dispositions as unattractive as their faces? "Mother of Ten" confesses that her girls aren't pretty, and when a mother admits that, it's safe to suppose that the girls under discussion are really plain. But lack of beauty can be forgotten in the charm of a sunny disposition, and downright ugliness may be made attractive by sweetness of temper and a willingness to promote the happiness of others. A girl who relies on her clothes to win admirers is leaning on a broken reed, for the man who yields to the art of the dressmaker will need to be held by something else. "Mother of Ten" had better take an inventory of the attractions possessed by her daughters before she denounces those of others. Her whole letter breathes of bitterness and discontent and of such the successful "marrying" mother is not made.

Madame



O. B. A. TOURNAMENT AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Mr. A. M. Heaman, skip of the London team, who were runners-up in the Trophy Match, in position to deliver a ball. The player seated beside him on the bank is Mr. J. W. Mackie, the newly elected secretary of the Ontario Bowling Association.



O. B. A. TOURNAMENT AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE. The London team, who were runners-up in the Trophy Match. From left to right, they are: J. Connor, J. H. Fraser, Dr. J. Woods, and A. M. Heaman, skip.

signers are in the pay of the anti-suffragists, and that the models they are evolving are specially thought out in order to turn women from freedom to bondage. Be that as it may the woman who is restricted in body is more or less in the same condition of mind. Inartistic as was the young girl who looked like her brother, she was an improvement on the "hopping lady" in the tied-in skirts.

THERE are lots of ill-mated couples in the world, and it looks as if the Eilers of St. Louis were to be numbered with them. At least the Eilers themselves evidently think so, for the other day they decided to separate for good and all. When the case came up in court, the husband, who rejoices in the name of Jacob—somehow Job would have seemed more appropriate—stated his grievances, which when summed up tended to show that Mr. Eiler was not the head of his own house, and that instead he was maid-of-all-work, waiter, errand boy, alarm-clock, chef, and chamber-maid rolled into one. According to his tale of woe he had combined all these duties cheerfully, and faithfully attended to the wants of his father-in-law, his wife, and his wife's brother. He explained that he would have continued to gaily execute the duties attached to his Poch-Baish position had it not been for the fact that his wife wouldn't let him have his "Sunday out."

Time was when much sympathy was expended upon the women of the family, and it was generally believed that a wife was a much abused person whose life began and ended in her domestic duties. Kindly writers used up reams of paper begging for her emancipation from the wash tub and the dish pan, and evidently with some result if the Eiler household is by any means typical of others. The care of the home is essentially the task of the wife, and provided she is not handicapped by overwork there is no reason why she shouldn't delight in her duties whether they include the actual care of a small home or the supervision of a great establishment. In lots of Canadian homes—and on the other side of the line too, in all probability—the head of the house is not above "drying" the dishes which his wife washes, or even preparing her toast and tea some morning when she needs a rest. But a man has no more right to do all his wife's work than she would have to try and fill his place in office or factory. When a man is obviously henpecked it's because he deserves nothing better. When he is a domestic slave it's because he is fit for no better fate and his wife is wise to keep him employed at any cost. The average woman is willing to do her part in life, but if she finds herself encumbered with a legal slave in the shape of a husband, one can hardly blame her if she



THE man who believes in destiny saves himself much effort.

Common sense is the greatest of joy-killers.

Honesty may be the best "policy," but lots of people fail to insure.

Jealousy is the state of mind which immediately precedes deep thanksgiving for another escape.

A dog in the manger is seldom a thoroughbred.

If ignorance is bliss, the majority of us are happy without knowing it.

Nowadays the charity which begins at home usually stays there.

The scandal-monger often talks about others in order to distract attention from herself.

A generous man is usually one who gives away that for which he has no particular use.

Many a happy marriage is founded on friendly indifference.

C. C. M.

Not Long Ago

The Tale of a Finger-Bowl.

A WOMAN who was visiting in a strange town found herself by accident the other day compelled to eat alone when luncheon time came, so she carefully selected what she had been told was one of the best restaurants in town, and went there to indulge in her mid-day meal. The menu afforded a wide selection and the cooking proved to be excellent. The table at which she was seated was close to a window and the air was delightful. On the whole she congratulated herself upon having made a "find," and decided that throughout the rest of her stay that restaurant should see her quite often.

Seated at the next table were a man and woman and a little girl, evidently members of one fond family, and as evidently fresh from the country. When their finger bowl stage arrived the waitress produced near-silver bowls, each resting on a pretty doily, and gave one to each of the three from the outlying districts. "Father" bathed in his, or got as near it as possible, for he enveloped one finger with a bit of his table napkin and then rubbed his face over carefully, for all the world like a kitten when upon ablutions bent. "Mother" was content to wash her hands painstakingly, but the expression of her face showed that she regretted there was no soap. The little daughter was as devoted to cleanliness as her parents, and like them took almost as full advantage of the opportunities offered by the finger bowl as if it had been a wash basin.

When the three had left their table the waitress collected the finger bowls from their places and piled them up, one on top of the other, on the window seat. A few minutes later she removed them and without attending to the little formality of replenishing their contents placed them before three people at a table a little further on. The second users of the finger bowls treated them in the customary manner, and the lone woman visitor, by this time having her curiosity aroused, watched carefully to see what would happen to them next. Once more the waitress removed them from the table, and once more they were neatly piled on the window ledge.

Another waitress came along presently and helped herself to the two that were uppermost and carried them off down the room to present them to two unsuspecting individuals seated at some distance. The lone woman visitor waited her fate, and sure enough everything happened as she had expected. The waitress approached her in calm expectation of a tip, and placed the last of the over-worked finger bowls before her.

The lone woman visitor was equal to the occasion. "Don't you think you could give me fresh water in my finger bowl or are you practicing economy?" she asked the girl.

"What do you mean?" demanded the golden haired person who had waited on her.

"I mean that I have watched that finger bowl on its travels and seen it used by two people already," replied the lone woman visitor, who by this time had her temper slightly roused.

"It had clean water in it any way," said the waitress. "Oh, no it hadn't," insisted the lone woman visitor. "I watched all the time and you did not change it. I saw where you took it from."

"And where was that?" demanded the golden haired one.

The other told her, whereupon the irate serving lady snatched up the finger bowl and throwing out its contents so that it splashed all over the service table, refilled it and presented it once more with an air of "since you're so particular take that."

To be sure the water was changed, but the same old crumbs around the edges were still there, so the lone woman visitor slipped back her tip into her pocket book and left the place, firm in the determination that never again would she use a finger bowl in a cafe or restaurant unless she was absolutely unable to dodge doing so.

The largest butterfly known is found only in British New Guinea and specimens are worth anything from \$100 upwards. The male measures eight inches across the wings and the female not less than eleven inches, a wing spread exceeding that of many small birds. The story of the first discovery of this gigantic butterfly is a curious one, says The Wide World. A naturalist saw a specimen perched on the top of a tree and failing to capture it by any other means finally shot it. From the fragments he decided that the species was entirely unknown to science and he forthwith fitted out an expedition at a cost of many thousands of dollars to go in search of the insect. Two members of the party fell victims to the Papuan cannibals and another was rescued only in the nick of time. In spite of this inauspicious commencement to his enterprise, however, the naturalist persevered and ultimately succeeded in obtaining perfect specimens.

Then and Now

EVERYONE is interested in the fashions—from the woman who wears them to the man who pays for them—and in consequence every now and again a comparison of the old and new is made, with the result that the fashions of the day are generally condemned, while those of bygone ages are exploited. The people who admire things that are old simply because they are no longer young point with pride to the beauty of line and picturesqueness of effect shown in the modes of a long past day. On the other hand, those who believe in the new ideas, speak strongly in favor of the more or less marvelous creations turned out by the modistes of the day and declare that what is, is best.

Quite recently, New York Life republished a group of caricatures taken from old prints and publications, with the query, "Are we worse off now than then?" These are reproduced, along with several cuts of current fashions in hats, and about the latter there is no exaggeration, save that given them by the designer. Taken from thoroughly reliable sources, they simply serve to show just how funny a woman is willing to look in order to wear what she is told is *a la mode*.

Men and women are much alike in the matter of dress. Both wear what they are told to, but while public opinion declares that man must have only a few fashions from which to choose, it gives women the widest possible range, and allows them to run from one extreme to the other, from crinoline to the tie-back, from the Merry Widow to the motor bonnet, from the Hawaiian Island native costume to the fur dress of the Eskimo. To use the vernacular, "everything goes" in the way of woman's dress, but it doesn't "go" all the time. The Japanese robes and the manner of wearing them do not vary, but think of a Canadian girl donning her great-grandmother's frock for anything but a fancy dress ball!

It is claimed that exaggeration is the keynote of women's dress, and it does seem as if there had never been a time when fashion had decreed that women might look uglier than at present. One uses the word "might" advisedly, for a great many women are getting too sensible to do exactly as they are told, and one cannot expect the golf-loving girl, for instance, to submit to the mummy-like wrappings that are "the thing" just now. Already any amount of caricatures have been turned out of women in the close-fitting garments that are Fashion's latest decree, and it must be admitted that the silhouette of the fashionably clad woman of the day is a sight to make angels weep.

"Are we worse off now than then?" It's a hard question to answer, but at least one thing is obvious, and that is that well-educated and supposedly intellectual women have less right to make frights of themselves than their grandmothers had. But in spite of their common sense or what passes for it, the women of to-day are just as foolish in some respects as the giddy ancestress any one of them can boast. In place of the low-necked, short-sleeved frock that once invited consumption, one now finds the "pneumonia" blouse and the Dutch neck. The delicate little sandals of long ago are replaced by high-heeled shoes that throw the whole figure out of poise and are responsible for many an illness. The iron-ribbed corset which was the cause of great-grandmother's sylph-like proportions has been replaced by the modern instrument of torture that will only allow its wearer to sit on the extreme edge of the chair, and is sometimes so constructed that she can't sit down with any degree of comfort at all.

Once there was a tremendous outcry against the hoop-skirt, and the artistic maiden of to-day shudders with horror when it is suggested that there is a possibility of its revival. Yet I remember one delightful old lady who was well over eighty when last I saw her a few years ago, and to the day of her death she was faithful to the crinoline of other days. She was tall and stately and carried herself with an air. To be quite candid, she presented a figure many times more distinguished and dignified than the straight-fronted ladies one sees upon the streets nowadays. Even the crinoline has its good points—if points may be admitted in anything so rotund—and the girl who makes

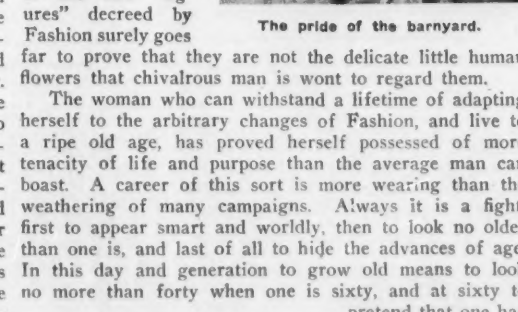
fun of the figures in the fashion books of the sixties or so, ought to have a snap shot of herself in her tied-in frock as she waddles along the pavement. If anything could be more ungraceful than the girl who stumbles along the street in the gown that ties in below the knees, it's the girl in the short skirt who frisks along as if she owned the earth, quite unconscious of the fact that the hosiery, which matches her dress and not her shoes, attracts far more attention than if she wore a gown of the vintage of half a dozen years ago.

Hosiery—it is a word that is supposed to be much more polite than stockings—is a subject upon which an immense amount could be written, and still not tell the half. One sees it everywhere nowadays—that, in fact, is one of the things which troubles the mind of the conservative woman, this thrusting into evidence the coverings of pink or blue or green or whatever the color may be that for the moment replaces the sober blacks and discreet tans of yesterday. Whether the wear be silk or lisle or cotton, there is nearly always something so distinctive about it that "he who runs" cannot fail to notice. One can command any quality, and one may purchase any shade, so generous in variety and color are the hosiery designers of the day. Whether one expends fifty dollars on a pair of real lace inserted hose, or twenty-five cents on the cotton kind, one may obtain something conspicuous should one's taste run that way. In fact, the less one pays the louder sort one may obtain, as anyone knows who has looked at the wonderful combination of shades and patterns to be found on the bargain counters of the hosiery department of almost any big store. If there is one place where taste in dress is likely to be absent just at present, it is in the hose selected to be worn with many an up-to-date costume.

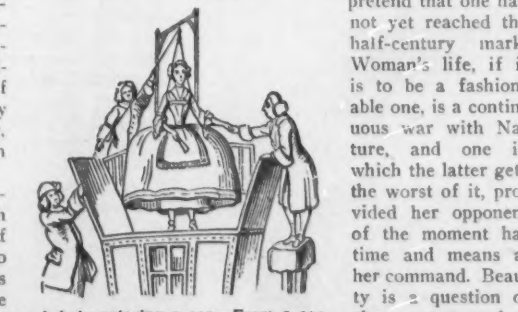
Oddly enough, of late the fashions of the silhouette change with every new decree of the dress designer. The knell of the hour-glass figure has struck and we are assured that never again will the "maiden with the waspish waist" be in evidence among the sartorially elect. We have had the short waist, and the long waist, and the no waist at all. Hips have been "in" and now they are "out." A review of the modes of the last few seasons is enough to convince one that if Fashion so decreed women would be able to eliminate shoulders, do without arms, and hop, with an imitation of grace, upon one foot. What's the use of talking of the survival of the fittest when a woman can get along in apparent comfort in a costume that suggests nothing more in the way of contour than a tightly rolled umbrella encased in a very close-fitting cover? Women are certainly most adaptable animals, and the way in which their persons readily lend themselves to the new "figures" decreed by Fashion surely goes far to prove that they are not the delicate little human flowers that chivalrous man is wont to regard them.

The woman who can withstand a lifetime of adapting herself to the arbitrary changes of Fashion, and live to a ripe old age, has proved herself possessed of more tenacity of life and purpose than the average man can boast. A career of this sort is more wearing than the weathering of many campaigns. Always it is a fight, first to appear smart and worldly, then to look no older than one is, and last of all to hide the advances of age. In this day and generation to grow old means to look no more than forty when one is sixty, and at sixty to pretend that one has not yet reached the half-century mark. Woman's life, if it is to be a fashionable one, is a continuous war with Nature, and one in which the latter gets the worst of it, provided her opponent of the moment has time and means at her command. Beauty is a question of the corset-maker, the modiste, the hair specialist and the skilled masseuse. It costs to be good looking, but it can be done.

That beauty may be purchased, at least to a certain degree, any woman will admit. Take the subject of the coiffure, for instance. One can have it any color one may desire, and as far as luxuriance is concerned it is possible to have locks just as abundant as the head can support. Art has gone far, and one can have one's face made over almost while one waits. The shape of a nose may be changed almost as rapidly as Cinderella's fairy godmother changed a pumpkin into a coach. A double chin may be eliminated, provided one has the money to pay for the process. If the face shows wrinkles, one may be practically "skinned alive" and appear as good as



The pride of the barnyard.



A lady entering a car.—From a caricature of 1780.

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A gardening lady.



Something cunning in caps.



A "hatted" feather.



A beau of 1772.



Chanteclair at its worst.



A hat caricature by John Leach.

new on condition that one is willing to pay the price in time, money and endurance. The habit of "touching up" Nature is a fairly common one, and, thanks to the aid afforded by the beauty doctors, any woman may keep a semblance of youth long after the reality has disappeared. In fact one only needs to know how in order to keep up with the procession.

There are few genuine old women nowadays, and when one does meet an isolated example occasionally, one is tempted to catch her alive and put her away among the treasures one has hoarded for years. And by a genuine old woman is meant one who is all that the words imply—matured in charm, developed in intellect, witty with the knowledge of years to draw upon, grey haired and possibly white capped, natural in mind, in person and in appearance. Instead of these charming creatures once so plentiful, one finds the old-young woman with her attempts at youth, her wig or dyed hair, her assumption of girl-iness to the utter neglect of the pre-rogatives that age brings with it. The old women of other days frankly admitted the passing of the years; the old women of to-day are like the crab, and crawl backwards.

Of all the first aids to the elderly, none is so entirely relied upon as the hat. One sees it in a thousand ways demonstrated daily, this effect of youthful headgear on the head that should be bonneted. The result, as might be expected, is bizarre and far from beautiful, for the hat that is trying to the youthful cannot but extinguish all charm in the more than mature. Everywhere one sees instances of it and only the other day a woman who would have looked charming in dainty black or silvery grey, or even in white, swaggered into a restaurant trussed up like a fowl by her petunia-hued



From a print published in 1783.



A waste-paper basket and a sash.

and then bare injustice would be done to it. It can best be compared to a length of stove-pipe, only in petunia-colored straw instead of thin sheet iron. It came well down on her shoulders and entirely concealed the fact that she had any neck worth speaking of—at least that was the effect from the back. Attached to the stove-pipe crown was a verandah-like attachment of the same colored straw that looked as if it had been warped rather badly. This was riveted to the hat and apparently to the head itself by large round ornaments in stones of red and white which in brilliancy rivalled the mirrors in a bar-room. The principal part of the decoration consisted of an upstanding trimming that was a cross between a feather duster in natural barnyard tints and a whisk broom that had lost its usefulness. The expanse visible between the hat and the dress consisted of a yellowish neck which, thanks to a turn-down collar, revealed every line and wrinkle, and a face that was so gotten up that the contrast between it and the neck was something that suggested the elapse of a century. Accompanied by her family, which included a husband and a grown-up son, she carried herself with all the assurance of youth and beauty. And she wasn't really a very great exaggeration of her kind. She was merely a pronounced example of a type that answers better than anything else can the question, "Are we worse off now than then?"



Fashions in 1803.—From Thomas Wright's "Caricature History of the Georges."

The Knocker.

SHE had a little hammer. She used it with a will. She knocked at everybody— They couldn't keep her still, She knocked about her neighbors If they were friends or foes, She knocked about the table And she knocked about her clothes, She knocked at hubby's smoking, About his snoring, too; She knocked about his whistling, And so, perhaps you'd say: At last the Reaper claimed her, Her course on earth was run, Her husband then considered Her knocking days were done.

But hubby went one evening To see a spirit show, Where always, in the gloaming, The spirits come and go. He heard a spirit knocking— "My wife," he said, "I'll bet! Now isn't she a wonder? Hear that! She's knocking yet!"

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CANADIAN AGENTS



THE mid-summer regatta and dance of the Argonauts, even with the rain of Saturday morning and a rather depressing outlook for the sports, was a great success and largely attended. The greatest enthusiasm was aroused over the various events, and the final heat pulled off in the fast time of 4.42, took everyone quite off their feet with excitement. Captain John Wilson was at the gun, while Captain Joe Wright acted as starter. Vice-Captain Shapley was responsible for the smartness and expedition with which the crews were at the "line up." The race of the club's three eights was most exciting, as well as an unusual sight for local sportsmen, while the feminine contingent of admirers, not so learned on matters of speed and stroke, were able to admire the union of movement and trained muscles of their favorites. The clubhouse, as usual, was gaily decorated for the occasion, and the pretty girls in charming frocks and hats were surely a great incentive to the success of the event. After the crews disembarked and the precious racers had been lifted to their resting place below stairs amid congratulations and much excitement, the prizes were presented by the president, Mr. T. P. Galt, to the winners, who advanced to receive amidst rounds of cheers. Refreshments were served, and with inspiring music the dance soon followed. Some of those present were Miss Hilda Murray, Miss Jessie Kertland, Miss Bessie Stanbury, Miss Cox, Miss Copeland, Miss Helen Wilson, Miss Hazel Carter, Miss Rose, Miss Patterson, Miss Fairbairn, Miss Bilton, Miss Mewburn, Mr. Stewart Macklem, Mr. W. D. Greer, Mr. O. Heron, Mr. H. W. Shapley, Mr. E. H. Millman, Mr. A. Russell, Mr. Guinlock, Mr. Lester Ferguson, Mr. D. E. Kertland, and Mr. Walter Warden.

Mrs. Meredith has gone to England with her son, Mr. Alan Meredith.

Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber and Miss Crombie have gone to Stanley Island, near Cornwall, to join Mrs. Gwynne.

Miss Lillian Cox and Mr. Harold Cox are staying with Mrs. Pearce of Peterboro.

The Old Niagara Golf Club and the Queen's Royal Club have amalgamated under the name of the Niagara Golf Club. The club has the use of the Fort George and Mississauga links, making eighteen holes in all, and is arranging for a large tournament during the month of August, and expect to secure a number of fine players to take part. In the men's division, the following officers have been elected: Hon. president, Mr. Charles Hunter; president, Mr. Moncrieff; vice-president, Mr. Winnett Thompson; secretary, Mr. I. C. Harvey; treasurer, Mr. Macklem, and captain, Mr. A. W. Barnard. The elections in the women's division were for hon. president, Mrs. Charles Hunter; president, Mrs. Moncrieff; vice-president, Mrs. Geary; captain, Mrs. A. W. Barnard; handicapper committee, Mrs. S. H. Thompson, Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Miss Moss Chrysler, Miss Ogilvie, and Miss Marie Foy; entertainment committee, the Misses Rosenmuller, Miss Gertrude Foy, Miss Violet Edwards, Miss Lillian Anderson, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Sarah Lansing, Mrs. Breckenridge, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Richard Walsh, Mrs. Greiner, Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Rowland, Mrs. Silverthorne, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Jim Foy, and Miss Florence Heward.

Mrs. Duncan, who is spending the summer in Cobourg, has had Miss Evelyn Cox, Miss Maule and Mrs. Hamilton Burns staying with her. Lyndhurst, the beautiful home of the late Chief Justice Armour, has been converted into an ideal summer resort. Some well known Toronto people who are staying at Lyndhurst are Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gooderham, Miss Nellie Gooderham and Master Willie Gooderham; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Taylor, Miss Nora Taylor and Master Willie Taylor; Miss C. Fellows, Mr. Kersey, and Mr. Normal Paterson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Young, of Brunswick avenue, are at their summer home, Twelve O'Clock Point, and have Mrs. W. R. Phillips and Mr. J. B. Young, of Vancouver, B.C., staying with them.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ryrie are visiting friends in Orillia.

Miss Irene Doolittle is the guest of Miss Clara Flavell at Swannanoa Lodge, Sturgeon Lake.

The Rev. John Mockridge, rector of St. Paul's church, Louisville, Ky., who was for several years curate at St. Luke's church, this city, has been called to be vicar of Trinity Chapel, New York, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Vibert.



LADY NEWBOROUGH.
An American hostess who is very popular in London.

Trinity Chapel, in West Twenty-fifth street, is among the most important chapels of the venerable mother parish, and has in connection with it a parish school, a home for aged women, and several general activities. Mr. Mockridge, who has been in Louisville about three years, was born in Hamilton, and graduated from Trinity University in 1893, taking the degree of M.A. a year later. After St. Luke's charge, he was rector of the Church of the Messiah in Detroit, and afterwards of St. Andrew's church, before going to Louisville. He is also a deputy-elect from Kentucky to the coming General Convention.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the English author, who is travelling through Canada, accompanied by his private secretary, was entertained during his visit to Cobourg last week by Major Harry Field and other prominent citizens. Mr. Bullen motored to Belleville, and was accompanied as far as Colborne by Mr. F. M. Field, K.C.

Miss Agnes MacGillivray, who has been staying with Miss Ruth Caven at Nahma Hall, Sturgeon Lake, has gone to spend the summer at Little Metis, Que. Dr. and Mrs. Vogt are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Caven at their summer home.

The old boys of Orillia living in town are intending to visit the home burg on August 6. An excellent programme of aquatic and athletic sports is being arranged for the day, and a largely attended excursion is anticipated.

Mrs. William Mackenzie is at Kirkfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Herington, St. George street, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Actor at Lawasentha, Stony Lake.

Miss Maud Fealy, the well-known actress, is staying at the Pine Plaza Hotel, Jackson's Point.

Miss Corbett and Miss Marjorie Corbett, of Dunbar road, Rosedale, are staying with Mrs. Frank McPherson, of Orillia.

Miss Gown, of Winnipeg, is visiting Mrs. Copeland at Victor Lodge, Long Branch.

Dr. Beverley Milner, Mrs. Milner and family are spending the summer at Sturgeon Point.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brodie announce the engagement of their daughter Marjorie Helen to Mr. Norman F. Henry, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Henry, of Rockcliffe, Ottawa. The marriage will take place early in September.

Mrs. M. Sweetnam and Miss Alice E. Sweetnam are spending a few weeks at "Raycroft Inn," East Aurora, N.Y.

The engagement is announced of Miss Aura May Pound, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Pound, London, Ont., to Dr. Bertram Elmer Wilson, also of London. The marriage is to take place in August.

Mrs. George H. Locke, of Cecil street, is spending the summer, as usual, on the Maine coast. She is accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John P. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Robson, of Lindsay, announce the marriage of their youngest daughter, Edith Ellerton, to Mr. Thomas H. Stinson on Thursday, July the fourteenth.

Mr. Frank W. Spink, late of Toronto, and Miss Emma Harding, late of New York, and eldest daughter of the late Eneas Harding, of Toronto, were married in Grace Memorial Episcopal Church, Portland, Oregon, on Wednesday, May 25th, 1910, at 11.30 o'clock. The pastor, Rev. George Van Walis, officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Spink left via Seattle and Vancouver to make their home in Hammond, B.C.

Mrs. Gash and children and Miss Leah McCarthy have gone to Prout's Neck, Maine, for the summer.

The account in The Gentlewoman of the marriage of Mr. James Fetherstonhaugh, of Lynne Lodge, Lake Shore road, Toronto, and Miss Connolly, of London, England, will be of interest to many town people: "The wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Wednesday, June 29, of Miss Janie Connolly, younger daughter of Colonel Connolly, C.B., of 20 Wickham road, St. John's, and Mr. James Fetherstonhaugh, son of Mr. F. Fetherstonhaugh, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, barrister-at-law. The Rev. Canon Welch (vicar of Wakefield) and formerly rector of St. James Cathedral, Toronto, officiated, and the bride was given away by her father. Her gown of ivory satin was trimmed with Flemish lace and draped with ninon, and the veil, which was of old Brussels lace, was lent by Mrs. Carre Smith. Her sister (Miss Olive Connolly) was maid of honor. Her dress of white crepe de chine had touches of pale blue satin and lace, and with it she wore a white rajah hat, trimmed with a big blue satin bow. She wore the bridegroom's gift to her, a pearl and peridot pendant. Mr. K. D. Marlatt was the bridegroom's best man. The service was followed by a reception held at St. Ermin's Hotel by the bride's mother, the bride and bridegroom leaving later for Brussels, where the first part of the honeymoon will be spent. The bride travelled in a Russian tunic and skirt of grey creponne and a large black hat. Among the many presents received were the following: Bride's father and mother, house linen and set of silver teaspoons; bridegroom's father cheque and house; bridegroom's mother, cheque and furniture; bride to bridegroom, silver cigarette case and books; bridegroom to bride, diamond and pearl earrings.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Truman with their grandchildren, Miss Lucille H., Anita M., and Raymond J. Truman, from Berkeley, California, have been guests at the Queen's this last week. Mr. and Mrs. Truman have been visiting in Woodstock and are on their way home again, after celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, which took place in Woodstock.

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but a woman's work is never done. This has been an old, old saying for many years, but it is nevertheless true. It is very hard on a woman to have to work and slave day after day, especially so when she has to work over a hot COAL FIRE. The housewife can save many an hour and have twice her present time for recreation if she gets one of our modern Gas Ranges. Our Ranges are built for service. Connections free. Cash or time payments.

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Old Friends and New



Daisy.

WHERE the thistle lifts a purple crown.
Six foot out of the turf.
And the harebell shakes on the windy hill—
O! the breath of the distant surf.

The hills look out on the South,
And southward dreams the sea,
And, with the sea breeze hand-in-hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse, the raspberry,
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine;
Her skin was like a grape whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way:
But there's never a bird so sweet a song
Thronged in whose throat that day.

Oh, there were flowers in Storrington,
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day.

Her beauty smoothed Earth's furrowed face!
She gave me tokens three;
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word-strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

The fairest things have fleetest end,
Their scent survives their close,
But the rose's scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose.

She looked a little wistfully,
Then went her sunshine way.
The sea's eye had a mist on it,
And the leaves fell from the day.

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone
And partings yet to be.

She left me marvelling why my soul
Was sad that she was glad:
At all the sadness in the sweet,
The sweetness in the sad.

Still, still I seemed to see her, still
Look up with soft replies,
And take the berries with her hand,
And the love with her lovely eyes.

Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moans;
For we are born in others' pain,
And perish in our own.

—Francis Thompson.

A Madrigal.

CRABBED Age and Youth

Cannot live together:

Youth is full of pleasance,

Age is full of care;

Youth like summer morn,

Age like winter weather,

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare;

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short,

Youth is nimble, Age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold,

Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—

Age, I do abhor thee,

Youth, I do adore thee;

O! my love, my love is young!

Age, I do defy thee—

O Sweet Shepherd hie thee

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

SHAKESPEARE.



A PRINCE PLAYING FARMER.

Prince Wilhelm, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, takes a keen interest in country life, and is always happy when allowed to play in a farmyard.

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July buyers save from 10 to 50 per cent. through our determination to reduce stocks to the lowest point by the 30th inst.

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UNDER the title of the Bank of Radium, London has opened an establishment analogous to the banks in existence in Berlin and Vienna. One single milligram of radium costs a large sum of money. In certain surgical operations fifty milligrams of radium are required, bringing the cost of the operation to \$4,000. Only two of the London hospitals are able to afford such an expense as attends an operation with radium. Hence the purpose of the new bank, which lends radium at the rate of two dollars per milligram per day.

The difficulty will be to get the radium. Until the present time the hospitals using it have received it from Mme. Curie. The principal source of radium as known to-day is the pitchblende of the Joachim Thal mine in Bohemia. Austria has the monopoly of this supply. But the pitchblende has been discovered near Guarda, in Portugal, and it is known to be present in small quantities in two mines in Cornwall. The English bank is making search for it elsewhere.

Radium is furnished to the bank borrowers, under bonds, in little tubes, each tube containing a milligram of the precious substance.

By pressing a button behind the counter a new electrical thief catcher for stores locks all doors and

rings a bell in the street.

To deal cards from a pack without danger of misdeals or turning them over is the idea of a machine recently patented by a New York man.

A French aeronaut has patented a balloon which, when deflated, can be

packed in its basket and the entire equipment carried on a man's back.

A Scotch inventor has perfected a sledlike machine which, when drawn over a road, accurately records on a paper covered cylinder all irregularities in the road's surface.

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A 55 cent package makes 5 gallons of this delicious beverage. Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—it's false. No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

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Bredin's Home-made Bread will make one recall the days when "Granny" did all the bread-baking for her family—didn't consider anything that was not home-baked to be right wholesome.

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Two Small-breads—4 CENTS.

Phones College 761 and Parkdale 1885. Bakeries: 160-164 Avenue Road, and Bloor and Dundas streets.



The Newest Bathing Suits.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is kind enough to say she has profited by the advice given on this page, has written to ask me to give her some of the newest ideas concerning bathing suits, and as the question is one that interests a great many women at this time of the year, I will gladly do as she asks.

The day of the old-fashioned, unlovely bathing suit is fortunately over and neatness and trimness are the characteristics of the bathing costumes of to-day. In both England and the United States black satin is considered most fashionable for this purpose and some wonderfully chic little models are turned out in this fabric. If black satin is used the best quality must be purchased and that necessarily runs up the price of the suit. Next to satin the most popular material seems to be serge, but the dark blue variety trimmed with the white braid is no longer in demand, instead all sorts of pretty light tones are used with good effect. A fine quality of alpaca also makes a desirable bathing suit fabric, and flannel still holds its own. The girl who goes bathing nowadays does not merely slip into a short bathing costume and plunge into the water. She is as careful of her appearance as if she were going to a party and does everything possible to look neat and trim. Every detail of her costume is thought out from bathing corset to shoes. Caps, too, are carefully selected and the fashionable girl is also very careful as to the make and color of the long cloak or bath robe she wears on the beach.

An exceedingly smart little bathing suit carried out in a heavy quality of black taffeta is made with a gored skirt of rather narrow width, and just long enough to hide the knickers buckled at the knee. The front breadth of the skirt is fairly wide and has a simulated opening at each side formed by groups of silver buttons, placed diagonally in groups of six. The upper part of the garment is in one with the knickers and is fitted in front. Cut quite low, it is finished with a shaped band of the silk about three inches in depth, save at the shoulders, where it forms a point. Groups of buttons appear on either side of the shaped band. The belt of this bathing dress is attached to the skirt. Black stockings are worn and bathing shoes to match. The cap worn by the bather who donned this costume was of bright scarlet mackintosh.

A rather startling model seen recently at a fashionable French watering place was of white and black satin and perhaps was selected rather for looks than durability. The skirt of the white material had a deep black border and above it were worked a series of large black dots in three rows, the upper row being the smallest of the three. The upper part of the bathing suit, which, of course, was in one with the white knickers, was of white satin as far as the bust line and like the skirt was embroidered in big black dots. The upper part of the blouse and the loose elbow sleeves were made in one and were of the black satin. White shoes and stockings were worn with this costume and the head was covered with a big handkerchief of black and white striped silk. The idea of this costume might be somewhat modified and carried out in two shades of flannel for ordinary bathing wear.

A fetching bathing suit of red alpaca recently worn at an Atlantic coast resort was of somewhat novel design. The knickers were somewhat longer than usual, finished with several lines of white braiding and were fastened below the knee. Made in one with the knickers

was the trim, close-fitting blouse which was finished in front with several lines of the white braiding which formed a band extending from the open neck to the waist line. The collar was of the wide sailor variety and was also trimmed with rows of the braiding. On the left of the blouse about where a pocket is sometimes placed, a big monogram was embroidered in white, but some conventional design such as an anchor might be used if the initials were not desired. The skirt was rather short, being an inch or two above the knees. Rather full it had five rows of the white braid around the edge, save directly in front where the hem was left unadorned, the rows of braiding turning directly upwards to form a pointed panel from waist line to hem, the effect being somewhat that of a divided skirt. Red stockings and bathing shoes were worn with this suit, and a handkerchief to match was deftly tied in a perky bow at the left side of the head.

A practical and pretty bathing suit may be made of pale green serge in a good quality and fast color. The narrow skirt is long enough to hide the knickers though it extends only to the knee. The trimming consists of two rows of narrow braid of a darker shade around the hem and a row of buttons which simulates an opening in the front of the skirt, the buttons also being of the darker shade. The blouse which has a V-shaped opening outlined with two rows of braid has a wide collar of the serge and revers similarly trimmed with braid. The revers reach to the waist line, and are caught at each corner with a dark green button. The belt is formed of a narrow band of serge edged with the braid. To wear with this bathing suit a bathing cloak is made of striped green and white Turkish toweling with wide pockets, a deep hood and a girdle of green and white cord with tassels to match.

A pretty bathing suit cut with a square neck and made with a tunic extending to the knee, is of grey alpaca, a needed touch of color being given by pipings of red. The lower part of the garment is untrimmed save for two rows of piping which give the effect of a centre panel much wider at the hem than at the waist line. This panel effect is continued on the upper part of the dress by means of double rows of the piping which extend from the belt, over the shoulder, and across the back. Six red buttons in a double row are placed on the front of the blouse, the highest ones being about three inches below the square cut neck. The double rows of piping encircle the neck and also outline the sleeves which are little more than caps and are slashed up to the shoulder. A red ribbon belt fastened in front with a small bow and long ends finishes the costume. The bathing cap for this dress is of rose-patterned mackintosh chintz in shades of red on a grey background. Gray shoes and stockings may be worn or red if preferred.

All sorts of delightful effects are obtained by the girl who wants to look her best when bathing, and special attention is, of course, given to the matter of bathing caps. The old-fashioned rubber cap covered up with a silk handkerchief still does duty but the newest caps are in such delightful designs and colorings that something to match—and incidentally to set off—any costume may be easily secured at the shops. Smart little cases in which she may wrap up her bathing suit are also provided for the bathing girl, and there are water-proof bags which are not only roomy but may be obtained in many colors.

VOGUE.



FOR THE SEA.

The first of these models is of black taffeta, trimmed with folds of white silk. Another is of white serge and white braid, while the third is of pale green and is also trimmed with white. The child's suit is of red serge.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

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Murray's Midsummer Sale

Extraordinary Sale of Stunning Linen Suits

\$9.75 \$14.75 \$17.75

Never in the history of the Store have we had such a successful Midsummer Sale. In every Department we have planned to give the buying public of Canada values that have never been equaled, and, judging from the volume of business that we have done we have more than succeeded, and, what is more to the point (especially from the public's view), the prices have all been cut to the lowest limit.

In our Mantle and Garment Section we are offering Suits and Dresses, distinctive styles and exclusive models, that are not to be found elsewhere, and priced lower than what you would pay for the ordinary garment. The women of Toronto approve and appreciate Murray's exclusiveness. "There's a reason." High-grade garments at moderate prices. We place on sale:

Handsome Braided Linen Suits, made of a fine quality French linen, in shades of pink, tan, heliotrope, sky, reseda and white. Regular up to \$30.00. Midsummer Sale price **17.75**

Also the balance of our stunning Irish Linen Suits, some very tastefully braided, others plain tailor-made styles. All charming models. Regular up to \$22.50. Midsummer Sale price **14.75**

And about thirty smart man-tailored Linen and Repp Suits, very stylish. Regular up to \$16.50. Midsummer Sale price **9.75**

Every woman owes to herself the luxury and the comfort to be derived from GALT FLEECE.

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GARMENTS FOR WOMEN

These garments are not unattractive, as many about-the-house gowns are—they are stylish as well as comfortable and should be worn by every dainty woman.

Let us send you a free sample, and booklet on Galtfleece. Write for it to-day.

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You spread this rich, fruity sauce over the meat like mustard; it greatly enhances the natural flavour of poultry, game or ham—besides that, it is invaluable as a digestive.

With cream or tomato sandwiches H.P. is delicious
Your Grocer will supply you, but be sure you ask for



H.P. SAUCE

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"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"
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Ask your Chemist for it and accept no substitute

It entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, HEAT, etc. Invaluable for preserving the skin and complexion from the effects of sun, winds and hard water

Nature implanted in the Coffee berry all the ingredients to produce a healthful, invigorating drink. In

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Brought up on Neave's Food

Every child should be a little Hercules—with straight limbs and abundant curves of flesh, so firm as to feel like muscle. He should be contented and chuckling all the time he is awake, and should sleep "without a sound" from good-night to the morning splash.

That is the sort of merry youngster your infant will become if you give him NEAVE'S FOOD. It not only does him "oceans of good," but he likes it.

Even since 1825 "Neave's" has been the accepted "Infant's Food" in practically all countries throughout the world.

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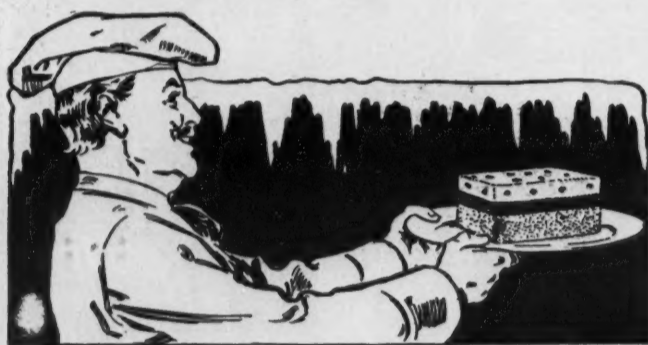


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Its richness and exquisite flavor give an added deliciousness to homemade "sweets" and dainties. Be sure you get COWAN'S—the cocoa with the Maple Leaf Label.

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Purest and Best by Government Test

An analysis of Neilson's Ice Cream Bricks by the Chief of the Inland Revenue Department at Ottawa last year, showed Neilson's Ice Cream to contain the highest percentage of butter fat of any in the Dominion.

The high quality in Neilson's is due to using absolutely pure cream and nothing else.

So you can know how clean is our kitchen, we invite you to visit it. Note our special washing process for cleansing and sterilizing our freezers. See our expert ice cream chefs in spotless white.

Our chefs are especially skilled in blending the delicious flavors we create in the "Neilson" combination.

Watch the streamers on your druggists' and confectioners' windows for our specials. Take home a brick today.

Over 500 Toronto Druggists and Confectioners Supplied Daily

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To Launder Embroidery.

MOST housekeepers are proud of their collection of fine lace and embroidery, and while the average woman takes the greatest care of her lace, she is not always as careful as she should be when "doing up" her embroidery. Handsome pieces of embroidery should be laundered by themselves, never in the general wash. To be sure they are carefully done do not give them out on wash day; this will avoid temptation.

If you are not sure of careful laundering learn to do valuable pieces of embroidery yourself. It is only a matter of time, care, and knowledge.

Take a time that will not be interrupted, as embroidered pieces should not be hung up to dry, nor should they be left until finished.

Make a light suds with a good soap and lukewarm water, put the linen in it, a piece at a time, and squeeze gently. If there are soiled spots rub with soap, but do not rub the whole piece. Rinse three times in water of the same temperature.

Do not wring out. Put the article flat between two Turkish towels so the embroidered piece does not fold over on itself without the towel between. Press with hands until almost dry.

While still damp place face downward on heavily padded ironing board. A folded blanket or Turkish towel can be used for extra padding. Cover with clean white cloth tacked to keep it smooth.

Cover the embroidered piece with a clean cloth and iron until linen is dry. If it gets too dry the cloth can be slightly dampened. Run iron, which should be quite hot, according to grain of linen, and press smoothly and evenly.

Before ironing any irregular border, says an expert in the matter, it should be smoothed lightly into shape. Small scallops can be pinned flat, not to curl under cloth. Do not pull the damp linen, or it can never be ironed straight. Keep smoothing it gently as you iron, turning the covering to look for wrinkles.

A centrepiece is inclined to hoop from too tight embroidery; it must be put face down on the ironingboard when still damp and carefully stretched into place. Be careful that the threads and stitchery run correctly. Pin securely and leave until dry, then press under a dampened cloth.

Colored embroideries should be set by soaking in salt water or a solution of sugar of lead or turpentine and water.

Do not iron into creases, or even fold. Keep table doilies or small mats in a box with squares of blue tissue paper between. Roll centre pieces also with blue paper between folds.

If a centre piece gets a spot on it, but is not otherwise soiled, spread it right side up on a table and scrub the spot with a clean tooth brush and lukewarm soapy water.

When embroidered linen is stained with fruit, boiling water should be poured through the spot as quickly as possible. Stretch the stained portion over top of a saucer.

Rust stains, if not too near the embroidery, can be removed by applying a weak solution of oxalic acid; rinse well with boiling water.

Claret or other wine stains should be covered immediately with salt and rubbed until discoloration disappears, when hot water can be poured over the spot.

Concerning Carrots.

THE love of carrots is due principally to the claim that they improve the complexion, but there is now added another claim that should encourage the eating of them and that is they have a beneficial effect upon the temper. While this might not be as strong an inducement to incline people to love them as the complexion claim provides, still, it might be scientifically demonstrated that if the carrot does not soften and subdue the temper, it will not illumine and beautify the countenance.

This is only plain observation. Let a person lose his temper and break forth in an angry exclamation, and then behold how the face turns red and the muscles become turgid and stiff. The complexion puts on a sort of warpaint hue, and the ill-temper wears a savage color. Now, it is contended that the carrot operates upon the springs of emotion and so modifies their play as to give to the countenance a beneficent and kindly aspect.

To Banish The House Fly.

NOW is the time to begin warring against the housefly. Physicians say that every fly that is now allowed to live means several million equally evasive and germ-carrying off-spring in a month or so. To eliminate the housefly at all, you must eliminate it early in the game, before it has time to hatch its eggs.

"Contrary to general belief," an authority said recently, "the housefly does not lay its eggs within doors. The larvae come out of their microscopic shells in trash piles, so the best way to get rid of the fly is to keep every yard and vacant lot in the city clean."

The next step is to prevent the fly from entering the homes. Although the little pests are fond of sugar, there are certain sweet odors which they dislike. No fly will light on a person who uses perfume. Honey-suckle is the vine whose blossoms are like poison to the fly, and they will not come within yards of it. To prevent the young houseflies from entering a home, honeysuckle vines should be strung along the front and particularly near the kitchen door of every home. Then the flies will not enter.

"If a fly gets past screen doors and windows and into your house, put about twenty drops of carbolic acid on a hot pan and allows the vapors to fill the house. The odor is almost unnoticeable to a human being, but it is fatal to flies. There are several other ways of slaying the pests, but this," says another authority on the subject, "is probably the best and cheapest."

The Girl at the Races.

SAYS Trivia in the grand stand: "Say, I'll tell you just which horse to play. That brown one with the pretty head. He's so well groomed and so well fed. Besides, his jockey looks so good. I'm sure he'd win out if he could. His eyes are such a lovely blue; Yes, and I like his colors, too."

"I don't half like that yellow horse—Such a poor color; though of course, I judge more by that." "Tis said A horse wins sometimes by a head, And as his head is short, you see How very slim his chance must be. My jockey with the eyes of blue Looks good to me; please back him, do."

"I'm all excited; it's so sweet To be here for the first spring meet, Don't look surprised, but let me say I'm seeing my first race to-day. I know I've got a lot to learn, But just the same I hope to earn A pot of money—yes, don't you? And learn about the racing, too?"

"I really wish I could afford To play my horse across the board; But I suppose it costs a heap. I'm so keyed up that I can't keep Quiet until they all begin. What's that? You think your horse will win On three legs? Oh, how cruel! Do Let him run with his fourth leg, too!"

"They're at the start! They're off! Hoo-ray! That was a first-rate getaway. Will Blue Eyes win? He must! He must! They're at the half! They're on the stretch! That yellow horse has won—the wretch! That's the last time I'll back the blue; I think it's hateful now—don't you?" —Detroit News.

Mrs. Todd Helmuth, of New York, has a hundred medals representing different women's clubs of which she is a member. Many of the medals are set with precious stones, and their estimated value is close to \$50,000. At a recent convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, held in Cincinnati, Mrs. Helmuth was very active, and while she did not wear all of her medals, she wore enough of them to create quite a commotion among the club members.

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, but I don't think he can read it."

"Why so, John?"

"Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

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The weather man does your heating now, but winter with its big coal bill will be here again before you know it.

You can cut those coal bills from 25 to 30 per cent and at the same time heat your home more satisfactorily. We can tell you how.

Come into our office and see our Special Gurney-Oxford Hot Water Heaters. Let us show you how the Oxford Economizer works. Let us *prove* to you that it will save you money.

If you cannot call now send for our FREE BOOK

"HEATING THE HOME"

It contains many hints of great value to you.

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Wouldn't it be better to order

CLARK'S MEATS

From the grocer than to broil over a hot stove?

CLARK'S MEATS are so good and so well liked that they could be used often instead of cooking meat, and everybody would be pleased.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS FOR SUMMER DIET

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One Barrel of Flour Instead of Two

YES, in the old way there was one kind of flour for bread and another for pastry.

Now, OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is an all-around flour. It makes not only the very best bread but also the very best cakes, pies, biscuits, rolls, muffins, pop-overs, pancakes, dumplings, anything that you want to make or bake from flour.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" saves money and trouble. Instead of having two barrels of flour in the house you can get along much better with one. And you can be certain that it is always uniform—will always come out right whether for Bread or Pastry.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD is made from the finest grade of wheat in the

world, Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat, and milled by the very finest machinery, in mills that are a model of cleanliness.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a trifle more by the barrel than ordinary flour but this trifle extra proves real economy when the loaves are counted. For "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" goes farther than ordinary flour—farther in actual quantity of baked product.

Even if "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" cost a great deal more than ordinary flour it would be well worth it for it is more nourishing.

You can't afford to buy impoverished flour at any price. You can't afford to skimp on health. And you do skimp on health when you buy flour just because it costs less than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".



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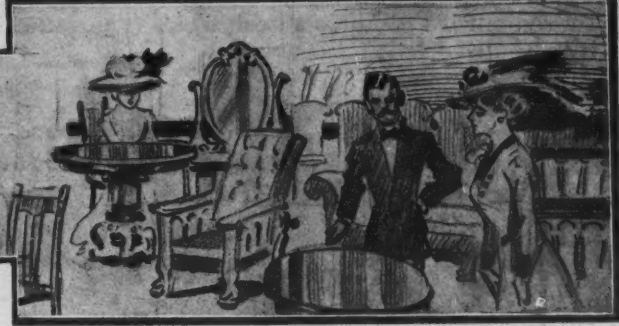
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EATON'S



August Furniture Sale Starts Tuesday, August 2nd

Though the Sale is to a considerable extent devoted to medium and lower priced Furniture for Bedroom and Dining Room, those who require the more elegant qualities will find here many exclusive designs at most interesting Furniture Sale prices. Reliable, high grade makers from both Europe and America are splendidly represented in our preparations—more so than in any previous Sale, particularly in Bedroom Sets, Dining Room Sets, and Parlor Suites in Elizabethan, Louis XIV and XVI periods and William and Mary designs.

A feature of this event is the unusually extensive showing of Brass Beds—in these also quality of a high order has been the first consideration, there being Brass Bedsteads at Sale prices up to \$125.00.

The August Furniture Sale this year holds exceptional buying advantages for those desiring High Grade Furniture

The Five-Piece Set, illustrated, of 'niald Walnut, Sheraton design, is \$450.00.